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DEFINING peace terms publicly in the midst of a war is dangerous business for a statesman because he has to speak at the same time to the enemy, to his allies, and to his own people. If what he said could be suppressed at home and published in the enemy country alone, or the reverse, definition could be used constantly to break down the morale of the enemy or sustain morale at home. This is what the socialist, Dr. Eduard David, meant when he said in the Reichstag that "our (i. e. socialist) tactics would promote peace currents in enemy countries." What the Chancellor recognized in refusing to adopt these tactics was that moderate terms which might cause dissension among the Allies would cause still greater dissension in Central Europe. At the same time he recognized that a statement of extreme terms, such as the imperialists desire, would not only exasperate the German Radicals and the restless people of Austria-Hungary, but would strengthen the alliance of Germany's enemies. The Chancellor thus confesses that he is not strong enough at home to adopt a diplomacy which would make trouble abroad. Were he absolutely secure, were he the spokesman of an autocracy whose domestic foundations were unshakable, there could be no doubt that his policy would be to state terms aimed to disrupt the Alliance. He is not strong enough to play that dangerous game, but he is strong enough to defy the Radicals and the extremists at home. He is able to defy them by appealing to the middle parties on the strength of Germany's military position. The source of that strength is described in his statement that "time is on our side." He calculates that time will weaken Russia, that time is an ally of the submarine, and that meanwhile the German defensive on the west is successful. He does not have to risk division in Central Europe by injecting himself into the violent quarrel now in progress there. The German government stands pat with time as its ally both on the eastern front and on the sea.

WITH the situation as perilous as it is in Russia we may be thankful that the Chancellor is too weak to adopt a diplomacy which would make matters worse. That he has considered such a diplomacy is evident from his vague but friendly remarks about Russia. Quite evidently he is counting on the expectation that even without an open offer by him, Russian dissensions will grow serious enough to eliminate the eastern battle front as a factor in the struggle. If that should happen the western Allies would not only see the blockade broken, the German armies released to the west, but they would also see Austria-Hungary extricated from the war except perhaps on the Italian front. It is a situation that calls for daring diplomacy on the part of the western Allies and especially of the United States. Something needs to be done at once which will strengthen the devotion of Russia and will cause dissension in Central Europe. We cannot rely merely on the American mission to Russia. Something has to be done very quickly and very boldly. The Chancellor's refusal to speak has given the initiative to the Allies and the United States.

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THE thing which is needed is a powerful reaffirmation of the international purposes for which the war is waged. The statement should be aimed directly at Russia, Austria-Hungary, and the German Radicals in the spirit and temper of the President's address to the Senate. No doubt such a statement will cause some reaction among certain groups in France, England, and America, but the cost of this is not so great as the danger of the situation in the east. We cannot stand pat diplomatically speaking. As a military measure we have to move openly to cement our alliance and divide the enemy. We must give the discontented peoples of Central Europe material with which to answer the Chancellor's statement that we are aiming at the conquest and destruction of the German people. That same material could be used to reassure the Russian Revolution against the suspicion which they undoubtedly entertain. For we cannot bully the Russian socialists into active loyalty. We have resolutely to face the facts and win them. The German Chancellor could, perhaps, afford to meet the situation with a negative diplomacy. But the alliance, as constituted since the Russian Revolution and America's intervention depends for its strength, its unity and its power upon a positive and liberal diplomacy.

THE temptation to play Northcliffe and grow very impatient with Washington is strong in some quarters. It should be resisted, for the fact is that the administration is going at its problem with an energy, with a courage, and with a humility which is beyond anything one would have dared to predict several months ago. There is nothing to be complacent about, there are obstructions and jealousies at large, but the candid truth is that the general spirit and intelligence is extraordinary. Of plain criticism, suggestion, honest proposal there is need, but not of rasping, uncharitable and ignorant impatience. The government needs friends, it needs an atmosphere of warmth and candor, it needs understanding, it needs generous comment. But nothing will do more harm than harassing the nerves of men who have a stupendous task to perform, who are showing at almost every turn that they desire expert assistance and that they are eager to distill the best experience of Europe.

THE factitious era of good feeling and of truce between the parties which followed upon the outbreak of the war is rapidly disappearing. The enemies of the administration in Congress and outside are not as yet frankly hostile, but they are using every available opportunity to embarrass President Wilson and to discredit his organization and conduct of the war. That is the real meaning of the votes whereby Congress entirely eliminated any provision for censorship from the espionage bill and authorized the acceptance of four divisions of volunteer troops to be recruited by Mr. Roosevelt. In the case of the Roosevelt volunteers the animus was particularly clear. The attitude of Congress towards Mr. Roosevelt is notorious. When he was President the majority of Congressmen disliked and feared him, and they still dislike and fear him. He was too independent and incalculable to suit the average politician, and he flourished too big a stick. Ordinarily Congress would have relished the idea of refusing anything which Mr. Roosevelt very much wanted. Moreover they knew they had no right to interfere with the President in a matter affecting his constitutional power as Commander-in-Chief of the army, and that by legislation they could not bind Mr. Wilson to recruit a special-privileged volunteer force, train it and send it to France. But the President's opponents in both parties saw a good opportunity of using Mr. Roosevelt to embarrass the administration and they eagerly availed themselves of it. In behaving in this way they were acting strictly within their rights. Opposition is necessary to the vitality of government in a democracy. The valid objection to their tactics turns not upon the fact of opposition but upon its furtiveness. The President's enemies wish to have it both ways. For the most part they do not dare to oppose the war or to prevent the passage of the measures necessary to carrying it on, but they seek to discredit the administration whenever an indirect opportunity offers or the public isn't looking. The continuation of these tactics will justify the President in exposing at the first convenient opportunity what they are doing and in forcing them, if possible, into open opposition.

AS to the Roosevelt volunteer force, it has already attracted an amount of public time and attention wholly disproportionate to its real importance. The chief objection to it consists in its fatal tendency to absorb an excessive measure of popular interest. The organization of a special volunteer force which would be sent to Europe at an early date and which would count in the popular mind here and abroad as the symbol of American participation in the war is not fair to the humbler, undistinguished and less advertised bodies of regular or conscript troops, which would follow the Roosevelt army to Europe. During the Spanish-American war a comic paper published a drawing which depicted the approach of an enthusiastic young woman to a man in uniform. "Are you one of the heroes of the war?" she

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asked. "No," he answered, "I'm only a regular." The Roosevelt division would irresistibly become in American eyes the heroes of the war and would attenuate the popular interest in the later American contingents whose military service would count for more than that of any special body of volunteer troops. The first expeditionary force to Europe should consist not of a Roosevelt army but of an ordinary slice of the regular American army, but when it goes, there are excellent reasons why Mr. Roosevelt should accompany it as one of the brigade commanders. The President will make a grave mistake not to give Mr. Roosevelt a commission and send him to Europe. Considering his standing in the country, his international reputation and his ardent belief in the objects for which France and Great Britain are fighting, he is entitled to go, and his presence at the front in Belgium or France would have a clear and a considerable political value. The announcement of his appointment would at once put an end to this unseemly and distracting controversy.

EIGHTEEN years ago, when Mr. Choate was appointed ambassador to England, he had long been the most successful advocate of his time. In that sense he was the leader of the American bar, and in that sense only. He was never so good a lawyer as his brother William, for example, not so learned, less remarkable for mastery of the principles of law. Nor did Mr. Choate have that kind of intellectual curiosity which gives a lawyer a critical attitude toward the conventions of his profession. But a great advocate he undoubtedly was—ready, resourceful in a high degree, a facile speaker, never perturbed, impudent in a way that no man can be impudent without genuine courage. These qualities made him especially successful with juries. He knew how to create an atmosphere of prestige in a court room, how to carry the crowd of twelve men with him. With judges, too, his prestige grew so great that some of them were afraid to control him, particularly when he was exercising his wonderful dexterity as a cross-examiner. When unchecked Mr. Choate would sometimes go to great lengths, as in his famous cross-examination of Russell Sage. Doubtless he was convinced that his client had been gravely wronged by a rich and stingy man, yet after that cross-examination the more scrupulous members of the bar never again thought quite the same of Mr. Choate.

NOTHING corresponding to this change took place in public opinion. On the contrary. Of late years many Harvard men have fallen into an adulation of Mr. Choate which, if not exactly servile, is quite different from that independent, scrutinizing frame of mind which William James liked to think characteristic of Harvard. But even Mr. Choate's more unrestrained admirers had their excuses. He was a facile and dexterous speaker, he belonged with those orators who knew how to say what they meant as they wanted to say it. He had a decidedly nasal voice, but it was a beautiful voice, resonant as some big gong, and his rather unkind wit was as genuine as his courage. Every now and then his wit was touched with beauty, as when he said, of the freshmen dormitories at Harvard, that all they needed to make them rivals of the Oxford College buildings was ivy and time. Mr. Choate took a playful satisfaction in suddenly chilling auditors whom he had carefully warmed. Speaking once at a boys' school, three of whose graduates had acted as his secretaries when he was ambassador, he delighted his audience by his praise of these secretaries. After enjoying the pleasure of masters and boys Mr. Choate wound up by saying something like this: "Perhaps I ought to add that all I ask of a secretary is that he shall keep out of my way and shave every day."

CONGRESS does not seem sufficiently interested in the war to keep a majority of members present while the most far-reaching measures are being considered. When Mr. Lever brought up the critical question of food supply it was necessary to wait for some time before a quorum could be secured. On the same day, when Mr. Hardwick moved an amendment to the drastic proposals of mail censorship, there were only a handful of members present in the Senate. So customary, in fact, has a general absence come to be, that in calling for a quorum Mr. Hardwick remarked apologetically that he was "sorry to have called senators who were busy from their various tasks outside the Senate." At one time, in the consideration of the same bill, Mr. McCumber stated, "Mr. President, when the absence of a quorum was suggested there were three members of the majority in the Senate Chamber." A decision, in the House, on the bill providing for the seizure of interned German ships was delayed for a day because there was not enough of an attendance to secure a vote. When the revenue bill came up on the second morning so few members were present that the doors had to be closed, and a call sent out for a quorum. The votes on various amendments to the Federal Reserve bill, though that measure had a direct bearing on the war, showed an exceptionally small attendance. One amendment, for instance, was defeated by a vote of 34 to 13, with 388 members absent; and even

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on the final passage of the bill there were only 78 members voting. The fact is that Congress has grasped neither its duties nor its opportunity. No group is better fitted for the words of the President's address of May 12th—when he warned those who "hardly yet realize" what is before them that "this is no war for amateurs."

The Greater Victory

CONSIDERING the overwhelming importance of Russian coöperation in carrying on the war, American public opinion has of late been extraordinarily indifferent and blind to conditions in Russia and to the bearing of those conditions upon the responsibilities and policy of the United States. At the present moment the Russian army is scarcely counting in the struggle except as a force whose existence contains a certain number of inferior German troops. This fact has already brought with it important military consequences in the west and is sufficient to explain the urgent demand of the French for an earlier and larger supply of American soldiers to serve at the front. The armistice which has already come into practical existence may be succeeded by the withdrawal of Russia as an active belligerent, and the consequence of such a default upon the military problem of the western allies and of the United States would be almost incalculably grave. Russian withdrawal would constitute an irremediable disaster to the fighting resources of the Atlantic Powers—a disaster so irremediable that if their diplomacy does not prevent it the failure will constitute a confession of incompetence.

Although we do not know any too much about the details of the economic and social condition of Russia certain broad facts seem sufficiently clear. The process of disorganization has gone very far. The currency is inflated. Prices of the necessities of life are enormously high. The transportation system has broken down. Supplies of food and munitions cannot be carried to the places where they are needed. The social and political disorganization is probably more complete than the economic. The industrial workers who made the revolution a success are all socialists of one kind or another. While they do not constitute the government, they do supply the most vigorous and effective body of political opinion which sustains the revolution. They are not planning a separate peace, but they are ardent internationalists, who really want a general peace and are willing to make sacrifices to obtain it. If their craving for a general peace is attributed chiefly to pro-German intrigue, if it is misunderstood and flouted by the diplomacy of the Allies, they are likely to make a move in that direction themselves, or else consent to some overture from Germany. They will probably capitulate to any diplomatic initiative, which professes to be seeking a sound settlement by means of negotiation. Doubtless the surrender would provoke a new revolution and civil war, but in any event Russia would cease to count as an effective enemy of Germany. The Russian army would be immobilized and the war on the eastern front would cease.

If Russia is not prevented from drifting out, a military decision becomes impossible except on one condition. There can be no victory over Germany except as a consequence of as complete an organization of the fighting power of the United States as that which has taken place in France and Great Britain. Germany could then leave a mere retaining force in the east and concentrate all reserves of guns, ammunition and men on the western line. The result for this summer and the next would at best be a hideously expensive stalemate. The deadlock could be broken only by the dispatch of a huge American army to Europe—one so large that it could not be recruited, equipped and trained until the summer of 1919. Even then it might be impossible to transport it to Europe. In that case instead of preparing to enlist and discipline a million conscripts, we ought to be planning a draft of all able-bodied men between twenty and forty, and training camps for at least four million soldiers. Instead of providing for financing a two years' war, and levying $1,750,000,000 in taxation, we ought to look forward to three or four years of fighting, to casualties of several millions, to a revenue from taxation of $4,000,000,000 a year, to an ultimate national debt of not far from $40,000,000,000, and to a general condition of extreme famine in all the basic supplies of food and materials. It is an appalling outlook, and it will go ill with the men responsible for the government which brings consequences of this kind upon the American people. The result would almost certainly be a revolution in America far more bloody and drastic than the revolution in Russia. A war conducted until 1920 on a scale required by a military decision might bring peace with victory, but it would also bring victory with suicide.

As long as Russia continues in its existing state of mind, the war certainly cannot be won by armies and now that the United States is going to exert all its resources in ship-building, it almost certainly cannot be won by submarines. The final victory must be won by diplomacy. The German government has been exhibiting a clearer understanding of this strategic condition than have the governments of France and Great Britain. It is concentrating its armies against the French line and its

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submarines in the European war zone, but for the present it declines to fight Russia and the United States except with words and intrigues. Its strategy seems to be to fight the enemies which cannot be divided and to divide those which it is unnecessary to fight. If the German government were sincerely desirous of an enduring peace and if the internal conditions in Germany permitted it to offer acceptable terms, the Germans would have a good chance of pulling out of the war with no loss and even with a small gain. Fortunately they are better able to unite their enemies by an offensive than divide them by moderation. German peace proposals, which would have a good chance of satisfying the Russian socialists and arousing sympathy in the United States would be fiercely resented by the Prussian junkers and might instigate some kind of a coup d'état. Probably the existing government is not strong enough to frame such terms, publish and hold them. In this respect the western Allies occupy a stronger position than the Germans, although they have made less out of it. They also would have trouble with their junkers in case they adopt an analogous course, but they would have less trouble than the Germans. They can submit proposed terms of peace which if rejected by the Germans would make it impossible for Russia to withdraw and would make it equally impossible for pacifist propaganda to obtain any headway in the United States.

The submission of terms of peace which would have a fair chance of acceptance by eastern Europe as a prospectively permanent settlement would be worth more to the cause of the Allies than another two millions of trained soldiers and a new fleet of merchant shipping. If the Russians can be divided from one another and from their allies by German diplomacy, the Germans can at least to an equal extent be divided from one another and from their allies by the diplomacy of liberalism. Austria-Hungary is almost as disorganized and is probably as ripe for revolution as was Russia. The quarrel in Germany between the Socialists and the junkers is every day becoming more frankly expressed and more irreconcilable. Austria-Hungary has now more reason to fear subjugation by Germany than by Russia. These causes of internal dissension within and among the Central Powers have been fermenting for a long while and have been prevented from obtaining any overt expression chiefly because the diplomacy of the western Allies has insisted upon subordinating political to military considerations, because their statesmen have insisted that a knock-out must precede negotiations. Let them abandon their past insistence upon an absolute military decision as a condition of peace, and the result will be a rapidly progressive diminution of the military morale of Central Europe.

Evidently, however, an initiative of this kind must and should come from President Wilson rather than from the governments of France and the United Kingdom. Ever since the Russian revolution made the war in the east no longer a contest between Russian and German imperialism, ever since the United States entered and so proved its willingness to participate in the guaranties of a supernational political and economic organization, we have been hoping for some clear expression by British and French statesmen of a change of attitude on the part of their governments. We have hoped they would recognize the increased potency for their purposes of political weapons as compared with the military weapons, and expressly repudiate any intention of seeking permanent peace merely by a redistribution of the Balance of Power. But the speech has not come. They either would not or could not alter their attitude, and their failure to do so places the responsibility squarely on Mr. Wilson's shoulders. Considering the extent to which France, Great Britain and Italy are depending on the economic and the future military assistance of the United States, he has every reason and every right to take up with the governments of these countries the question of a new and more explicit definition of peace terms. It is his business to obtain their consent to the publication of a group of principles to which the peace terms should conform, and which would escape from the ambiguities of the last definition by France and Great Britain of a basis of settlement. It will be disagreeable for Frenchmen and Englishmen to seek their political objects by a political adjustment rather than by military decision; but they have no alternative. If they find it repellent to make such a concession in order to retain the coöperation of pacifist Russian democrats, they can console themselves with the recollection of the far more dubious concessions which they did not scruple to make in order to secure the loyal coöperation of imperialistic Russian autocrats. We fail to see how the situation can be saved and the Germans prevented now or in the future from offering terms of peace which may win for them the leadership of eastern Europe, unless Mr. Wilson resumes the beneficent campaign which was so rudely interrupted by the unleashing of the submarines. He must seek for a peace by means of diplomacy, irrespective of a military decision and based on an organization for joint security, while at the same time making allowance for failure by maintaining and even intensifying his preparation for fighting. The American people did not enter this war to add to the sum of human goods

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and beings which were being calamitously annihilated; they entered it chiefly in order to make a promising and indispensable contribution to a scientific and just settlement. Such a settlement cannot be obtained merely by working for victory. Victory itself can best be obtained by working for the settlement.

Priority

IN time of peace, roughly speaking, an order for supplies is filled for the highest bidder on the principle of first come first served. Not only do all private businesses compete with each other, they are in competition also with government departments, which are also competing one against the other. This state of affairs is supposed to have many virtues, and much elaborate theorizing has been lavished upon it. But in time of war it is utterly impossible. Certain kinds of supplies are more important than other kinds, certain things have to be manufactured before other things; time is short, materials and machinery and labor are limited in amount, and they have to be employed not as the accidents of price and push dictate, but in the order which the government needs them. It was a recognition of these facts which led to the formation of what is known as the Priority Department of the British Ministry of Munitions. It started in September, 1915, as a committee of about twenty members under Judge M. S. Amos, chairman. It has grown to be a department which employs about four hundred people.

In one sense the question of priority enters into practically every administrative decision during war. Shall ships and munitions be used to supply the expedition at Saloniki, in Mesopotamia, the army in Flanders, or the navy; shall shipyards be devoted to battleships, submarine chasers or merchant ships; how shall raw materials be allocated as among allies—all these might be called matters of priority. But in fact the British Priority Department has not dealt with such high questions. They have been left to the Cabinet, to international councils, to ministers and special commissioners charged with determining the large points of war policy. The Priority Committee acts as an adjudicating, controlling, harmonizing body below the level of what might be called the major decisions. It has for example been a policy of the British government to permit repairs but not extensions in industries not engaged in war work. The repairs themselves, however, were to wait upon war work, not to precede it. But in actual practice it is immensely difficult, if not impossible, to say offhand just what is war work, just what is repairs, just what is necessary to the nation's industrial stability. It is the detailed, concrete settlement of these perplexing questions which the Priority Department determines.

Just because the line between high questions of policy and specific practice is indistinct, just because no absolute and logical set of principles is available, the Priority Committee has had to feel its way along, avoiding the enumeration of "principles" and deciding specific questions by negotiation from day to day. There a few supplies, such as copper, for example, where the amount is definitely known and the apportionment between different branches of war service and industry can be reduced to mathematical form. It is possible to say that fifteen per cent shall go to this, twenty to that and so on. But this is a rare case. A more usual one would be something like this: The X railroad carrying supplies for the Admiralty needs new steel rails; the Y shipyard needs steel for its ship construction; the Z company needs steel for shells; Jones Brothers needs steel to keep its plant from deteriorating. All these demands for steel are put upon the same mill. It is for the Priority Department to determine the order in which the contracts are to be filled and even what part of one contract shall have priority over another part of the same contract.

The chairman of the Priority Committee is appointed by the Minister of Munitions, but the committee itself is representative. It includes members from each of the departments of governments which compete for supplies, and of the Board of Trade in behalf of private industry. There are men present who speak for such differing services as Explosives and Railway Supplies, the Trench Warfare Department, Guns, Gun Ammunition, Small Arms, Aviation, Transport, Agricultural Machinery, Steel and Iron, Non-Ferrous Metals, Machine Tools. The Committee meets every day at noon. A batch of cases is laid before it. A mass of them are settled as a matter of routine, others by the committee, a very few are passed up higher for decision by the ministries involved. The questions are decided not by majority vote but by unanimous consent, and the representative of a Department has the right to withdraw any question from the committee and pass it up to his chief. The result of this seemingly loose organization has been to develop within the committee a pride in successful priority work which has made adjustment much easier. Just because each department feels that it is not to be overridden roughly, a coöperative spirit founded on confidence has arisen. It is easy to see that the work depends ultimately on just this representative type of organization, which in turn depends on

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the reasonableness and disinterestedness of the departmental delegates. Much must depend also on the quality of the chairman who guides the deliberations. Judge Amos, now in this country with the British Mission, was chairman for the first year, and one can well see how much the success of the committee must have turned upon his subtle, reassuring, generous, and thoroughly pragmatic quality of mind. An opinionated doctrinaire would probably have wrecked the scheme in its infancy.

This then is basic to priority—that it should be representative, not autocratic, that the committee develop a corporate spirit, that it retain the confidence of all interests by working through persuasion and negotiation rather than through dictation from on high. But once decisions are made by committee they apply with drastic powers to the industries. An order from the Priority Department to a manufacturer has the force of law which is vested by Parliament in the Ministry of Munitions. These powers amount to complete control over the uses to which industry shall be put. If the Priority Department orders that this part of such and such a contract shall have priority over that part of such and such a contract in any plant in Great Britain the order must be obeyed if the contract is accepted.

The task of grading the work of a whole nation is naturally stupendous, and would be impossible were it not that the Priority Department evolved a semi-automatic piece of machinery as a result of its experience from September, 1915, to March, 1916. It then issued an order, known throughout the English industrial world as "Circular L 33," which defines three classes of work. Class A is any contract placed by the Minister of Munitions, the War Office, the Admiralty and certain special orders. Class A has four sub-classes: A-1, "most urgent"; A-2, "very urgent"; A-3, "urgent," and A-4, "war work." Class B is work immediately required to maintain continuity of output without extension and to maintain stocks normally held by a business. Class C is everything else.

But a contract, say under class A from the Ministry of Munitions to a manufacturer, does not end there. The fulfilment of the contract may depend upon several sub-contractors who have no direct order from the government. The Priority Department therefore permits a contractor to issue a certificate for that part of his sub-contractor's work which is necessary to the final product. Class A contract becomes the ancestor of class A certificates all the way down the line. The same is true of class B. The certificate is an order if the contract is accepted to put A work ahead of B, or B work ahead of C, and it gives a corresponding privilege in securing raw materials, tools and labor. To issue a fraudulent certificate or to refuse to obey it when accepted is a punishable offense. Supervision over suspicious cases is exercised through a staff of from three to four hundred people, as well as through district and local munitions committees and trade bodies.

Under this system the "mobilization of industry" about which so much has been written is simplified. For example, steel rolling mills can be controlled for war uses by an order to discontinue all work below class B or the bicycle industry be put to munitions by an order to refuse all work below class A. Naturally it is not possible to rely ultimately upon so mechanical a system. Any detail of it can be corrected and controlled by appeals to the Priority Committee itself, which is in permanent session.

The working of the scheme may perhaps be visualized by examples from a typical day's batch of cases. On one particular date a little over a month ago there were about three hundred applications. They came either from a government department or a private firm. Thus the High Commissioner of Australia applies in behalf of T. Locker and Co., Ltd., for "90 rolls" to be used by Gipps Wright and Co. of Adelaide for operating gold mines in western Australia. The Committee rates it class B, that is, not as war work but as work necessary to the efficient conduct of the war. The Derrox Company has a contract from the government for welding wire. It applies for 10 tons of wire for March and 10 tons for April to be obtained from the Longford Wire Co. The Committee awards it class B for 10 tons. H. D. Pochin and Co. has mines which are stopped because the pump is out of repair. The repairing is to be done by the Standard Eng. Co., Ltd. The necessity is rated class B. Hawker and Botward, Ltd., want 1 cwt. wire from Messrs. Thornton to make snap fasteners for labels on corvusine cans for Cooper Dennison and Walkden. The application is refused.

At first sight the enormous complexity of the system is disheartening to any one who sees how necessary it is in the United States. No such system, however, can suddenly be created. It was a matter of long growth in England, and it has sprung from small and simple beginnings. In its origin it was after all nothing but a rather informal daily conference of all departments of government competing for supplies. Whether we shall ever have to establish as elaborate a Priority Department as the one described above experience will show. It is certain that so intricate and delicate an instrument which reaches into every business of the nation cannot be produced fully grown by

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mere imitation. The experts to administer it have to be assembled, the legal powers have to be obtained and clarified, and the agency developed as mobilization is intensified. For the essence of successful priority work appears to be a preference for practical decision over insistence upon principle.

Competitive Annihilation

DURING the past few weeks a sinister characteristic of the underlying strategy of the great war, which has been more or less important from the start, has waxed into preponderating importance. The efforts made first by one side and then by the other to obtain a military decision, which at times have seemed promising, have failed, and it has come to look more than ever as if they would fail until the end. One opportunity after another of obtaining a decisive advantage has been allowed to escape both by the Germans and by their enemies; and as these openings were closed the war has become increasingly and of late almost exclusively a matter of comparative attrition. For all practical purposes the war in its military aspect has been reduced to two races, between Germany and her western enemies. One of the races is taking place on the battle line in France. The other, on the lanes of travel in the Atlantic Ocean and the Mediterranean Sea. Both are races of endurance with their goals indefinitely distant. They cannot be won by one side running better than the other, but only as a consequence of either's collapse from sheer exhaustion. The war, that is, has been reduced to a competition in mutual annihilation between the western Allies and Germany, in which the victor may not have a much better chance of survival than the vanquished.

Consider, for instance, the situation in France. At the beginning of the war Germany sought to reach a quick decision in part by an overwhelming concentration of troops for an attack on France, and in part by an overwhelming superiority in artillery and munitions. She failed, and as a consequence of her failure became comparable to a besieged fortress, but a fortress with enormous powers of resistance whose endurance might outlast that of her enemies. In order to prevent her escape it was necessary to exercise a steady pressure on every frontier, and it was particularly necessary to obtain on one front a superiority in the weight and effectiveness of gun fire, so that unusual pressure could be exerted on a critical part of the line without an intolerable expenditure of life. Great Britain and France were converted into vast munition factories in order to secure this advantage, and after a series of costly experiments in Champagne, at Loos and on the Somme, it seemed at least possible that during the coming summer their superiority in metal strength might enable them to break down the present German fortifications in France. After the German retirement during the winter and after the early success at Arras, hopes ran high.

Probably in cherishing these expectations, Americans were allowing themselves to be persuaded by their preferences. In any event the situation soon ceased to look particularly encouraging. Apparently France and Great Britain have no superiority either in guns, munitions or men, such as has been counted on to assure the success of the summer campaign. Owing to the practical armistice which prevails on the eastern front, the German staff has presumably been able to concentrate in France a sufficient number of men, guns and munitions to fight on about equal terms with the Allies. The French and British soldiers, instead of making their assaults under the protection of a substantially superior artillery, are obliged to plunge into a German furnace, which is blazing no less fiercely than the one which their own guns have prepared for the enemy; and any gains which they make have to be held against fierce and stubborn counter-attacks. The result is merely a repetition of the former battles at Arras, Champagne, and Verdun. The staff of both armies makes prodigious exertions to obtain a superiority in gun fire for the purpose of saving the lives of their soldiers; but as so frequently happens in all kinds of war, the ingenuity and the exertions of the combatants merely neutralize one another. Increased supplies of guns and munitions and improved methods of using them do not affect decisive results. They merely purchase indecisive results at a still more appalling cost. The attempt to save soldiers by the prodigal sacrifice of materials succeeds only in increasing the slaughter, while at the same time multiplying the price current for every enemy who is captured or killed. That is the terrible meaning of the cry of the French for the early dispatch of American troops to Europe. In spite of their increasing mastery of the methods of modern war, in spite of the adoption of every precaution to economize the lives of the surviving Frenchmen, their casualties are still disastrously heavy. Their plans are compromised unless a sufficient supply of American lives are offered up to fill a vacancy caused by their own accumulating losses.

The more efficient organization of war has only served more completely to reveal its incredible maleficence. A populous industrialized nation in arms can hardly be defeated until its able-bodied

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men have been so far killed that they are insufficient to protect its frontiers. In order to save the indispensable soldiers the utmost exertions and ingenuity are spent to obtain some superiority in weapons and materials. The whole civil population devotes its energy to the manufacture of equipment, ammunition and guns which are created only to be destroyed; and in the case of the present war an equally effective process of destruction at sea is being added to the destruction on land. The people of the seafaring nations, not allied to Germany, are frantically engaged in building ships and loading them with supplies of all sorts in order to satisfy the submarines' insatiable appetite for destruction. The hope is that one or the other of the groups of fighting peoples will be able to produce more of these weapons and materials than the other can destroy, and that by so doing, it will be able to make its powers of destruction irresistible and ultimately impose its will on its adversaries. But so far these hopes have not been fulfilled. On both sides the technique of annihilation inexorably overtakes and surpasses the technique of production. The furnace of the war is steadily consuming larger quantities of material and large numbers of men; and at the same time the chances of a decision are fading away. It is becoming less probable that the prolongation and the intensification of work of annihilation will enable either of the adversaries to impose its will upon the enemy.

The inexorable economic results of persistence in this process of competitive annihilation are beginning to demand anxious consideration. The goal towards which the civilized world is headed is a condition of prolonged and intense famine—and by famine we do not mean a severe shortage merely in food. We mean a shortage in the staples, such as wool, cotton and linen, with which men and women are clothed, a shortage in the metals, such as iron and copper, which are necessary to the equipment of modern industry with buildings and tools, a shortage in petroleum and coal, from which industry derives its power, and a shortage, consequently, in the means of transport on land and sea, which make it easier for one part of the world to supply the deficiencies of another. This general and intense famine is being made inevitable in part by the wholesale destruction of materials and supplies, many of which ordinarily continue in service for many years, in part by the prospective demands of post-war period for renewals and reconstruction, but most of all by the increasing dearth of capital and labor which hampers and restricts all the normal processes of industry. The world will be gathering the bitter fruits of the complete subordination of its elaborate economic machinery to purposes of destruction. Civilized men and women are bending all their energies on the production of engines of annihilation or of things for these engines to annihilate; and no matter what their material consequences may be in entering into the competition, all of them, the innocent as well as the guilty, the barbarous as well as the civilized, the neutrals as well as the belligerents, will have to adjust themselves to a new world, brought into existence by their prolonged indulgence in an economy of annihilation.

What these adjustments will be is still obscure; but unless disaster is to follow they will have to be planned with an amount of intelligence and disinterestedness, such as has never hitherto been applied to the treatment of economic problems. A famine will offer profiteering nations and individuals who happen to control an essential part of the supply of some basic material or service, a tempting opportunity. They can collect an unprecedented tribute from the rest of the world and grow more than ever wealthy out of the calamities of mankind, provided no improvements are introduced into the older economic organization. Such improvements must be introduced or still worse calamities will follow. If this kind of profiteering is not prevented, the wage-earners will be faced with the alternative of revolution or slavery, and we may be sure they will choose revolution. They may not be successful, for their enemies will be as strongly intrenched as are the Germans on the western front, but if they fail they will at least teach the world a new lesson in the economy of annihilation. The nations cannot escape from this dilemma, save by a drastic socialization of domestic policy and an equally drastic internationalization of foreign policy. Capitalist societies will have to be humanized or they will perish.

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EDITORS
HERBERT CROLY WALTER LIPPMANN
PHILIP LITTELL FRANCIS HACKETT
ALVIN JOHNSON
GEORGE SOULE—Assistant Editor

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The Future of Monarchy

FROM the very outset of this war it was manifest to the clear-headed observer that only the complete victory of German imperialism could save the dynastic system in Europe from the fate that it had challenged. That curious system had been the natural and unplanned development of the political complications of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Two systems of monarchies, the Bourbon system and the German system, ruled Europe between them. With the latter was associated the tradition of the European unity under the Roman empire; all the Germanic monarchs had an itch to be called Caesar. The Kaiser of the Austro-Hungarian empire and the Czar had, so to speak, the prior claim to the title. The Prussian king set up as a Caesar in 1871; Queen Victoria became the Caesar of India (Kaisir-i-Hind) under the auspices of Lord Beaconsfield, and last and least, that most ridiculous of all Coburgers, Ferdinand of Bulgaria, gave Kaiserism a touch of quaint absurdity by setting up as Czar of Bulgaria. The weakening of the Bourbon system by the French revolution and the Napoleonic adventure cleared the way for the complete ascendancy of the Germanic monarchies in spite of the breaking away of the United States from that system.

After 1871, a constellation of quasi-divine Teutonic monarchs, of which the German Emperor, the German Queen Victoria, the German Czar, were the greatest stars, formed a caste apart, intermarried only among themselves, dominated the world and was regarded with a mystical awe by the ignorant and foolish in most European countries. The marriages, the funerals, the coronations, the obstetrics of this amazing breed of idols were matters of almost universal worship. The Czar and Queen Victoria professed also to be the heads of religion upon earth. The court-centered diplomacies of the more firmly rooted monarchies steered all the great liberating movements of the nineteenth century into monarchical channels. Italy was made a monarchy; Greece, the motherland of republics, was handed over to a needy scion of the Danish royal family; the sturdy peasants of Bulgaria suffered from a kindred imposition. Even Norway was saddled with as much of a king as it would stand, as a condition of its independence. At the dawn of the twentieth century republican freedom seemed a remote dream beyond the confines of Switzerland and France—and it had no very secure air in France. Reactionary scheming has been an intermittent fever in the French republic for six and forty years. But for the restless disloyalty of the Hohenzollerns this German kingly caste might be dominating the world to this day.

Of course the stability of this Teutonic dynastic system in Europe—which will presently seem to the student of history so curious a halting-place upon the way to human unity—rested very largely upon the maintenance of peace. It was the failure to understand this on the part of the German and Bulgarian rulers in particular that has now brought all monarchy to the question. The implicit theory that supported the intermarrying German royal families in Europe was that their inter-relationship and their aloofness from their subjects was a mitigation of national and racial animosities. In the days when Queen Victoria was the grandmother of Europe this was a plausible argument. King, Czar and Emperor, or Emperor and Emperor would meet. It was understood that these meetings were the lubrication of European affairs. The monarchs married largely, conspicuously, and very expensively for our good. Royal funerals, marriages, christenings, coronations, and jubilees interrupted traffic and stimulated trade everywhere. They seemed to give a raison d'être for mankind. It is the Emperor William and the Czar Ferdinand who have betrayed not only humanity but their own strange caste by shattering all these pleasant illusions. The wisdom of Kant is justified, and we know now that kings cause wars. It needed the shock of the great war to bring home the wisdom of that old Scotchman of Königsberg to the mind of the ordinary man. Moreover in support of the dynastic system was the fact that it did exist as the system in possession, and all prosperous and intelligent people are chary of disturbing existing things. Life is full of vestigial structures, and it is a long way to logical perfection. Let us keep on, they would argue, with what we have. And another idea which, rightly or wrongly, made men patient with the emperors and kings was an exaggerated idea of the civil insecurity of republican institutions.

You can still hear very old dull men say gravely that "kings are better than pronunciamentos"; there was an article upon Greece to this effect quite recently in that odd paper The New Statesman. Then a kind of illustrative gesture would be made to the South American republics, although the internal disturbances of the South American republics have diminished to very small dimensions in the last three decades and although pronunciamentos rarely disturb the traffic in Switzerland, the United States, or France. But there can be no

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doubt that the influence of the Germanic monarchy up to the death of Queen Victoria upon British thought was in the direction of estrangement from the two great modern republics and in the direction of assistance and propitiation to Germany. We surrendered Heligoland, we made great concessions to German colonial ambitions, we allowed ourselves to be jockeyed into a phase of dangerous hostility to France. A practice of sneering at things American has died only very recently out of English journalism and literature, as anyone who cares to consult the bound magazines of the 'seventies and 'eighties may soon see for himself. It is well too in these days not to forget Colonel Marchand, if only to remember that such a clash must never recur. But in justice to our monarchy we must remember that after the death of Queen Victoria, the spirit, if not the forms, of British kingship was greatly modified by the exceptional character and ability of King Edward VII. He was curiously anti-German in spirit; he had essentially democratic instincts; in a few precious years he restored goodwill between France and Great Britain. It is no slight upon his able and patriotic son to doubt whether anyone could have handled the present opportunities and risks of monarchy in Great Britain as Edward could have handled them.

Because no doubt if monarchy is to survive in the British Empire it must speedily undergo the profoundest modification. The old state of affairs cannot continue. The European dynastic system, based upon the intermarriage of a group of mainly German royal families, is dead to-day; it is freshly dead but it is as dead as the rule of the Incas. It is idle to close our eyes to this fact. The revolution in Russia, the setting up of a republic in China, demonstrating the ripeness of the East for free institutions, the entry of the American republics into world politics—these things slam the door on any idea of working back to the old nineteenth century system. People calls to people. "No peace with the Hohenzollerns," is a cry that carries with it the final repudiation of emperors and kings. The man in the street will assure you he wants no diplomatic peace. Beyond the unstable shapes of the present the political forms of the future rise now so clearly that they are the common talk of men. Kant's lucid thought told us long ago that the peace of the world demanded a world union of republics. That is a commonplace remark now in every civilized community.

The stars in their courses, the logic of circumstances, the everyday needs and everyday intelligence of men, all these things march irresistibly towards a permanent world peace based on democratic republicanism. The question of the future of monarchy is not whether it will be able to resist and overcome that trend; it has as little chance of doing that as the Lama of Thibet has of becoming Emperor of the Earth. It is whether it will resist openly, become the center and symbol of a reactionary resistance, and have to be abolished and swept away altogether everywhere, as the Romanoffs have already been swept away in Russia, or whether it will be able in this country and that to adapt itself to the necessities of the great age that dawns upon mankind, to take a generous and helpful attitude towards its own modification, and so survive, for a time at any rate, in that larger air.

It is the fashion for the apologists of monarchy in the British Empire to speak of the British system as a crowned republic. That is an attractive phrase to people of republican sentiments. It is quite conceivable that the British Empire may be able to make that phrase a reality and that the royal line may continue, a line of hereditary presidents, with some of the ancient trappings and something of the picturesque prestige that, as the oldest monarchy in Europe, it has to-day. Two kings in Europe have already gone far towards realizing this conception of a life president; both the King of Italy and the King of Norway live as simply as if they were in the White House and are far more accessible. Along that line the British monarchy must go if it is not to go altogether. Will it go along those lines?

There are many reasons for hoping that it will do so. The Times in a recent leader of great distinction had styled the crown the "golden link" of the empire. Australians and Canadians, it was argued, had little love for the motherland but the greatest devotion to the sovereign, and still truer was this of Indians, Egyptians, and the like. It might be easy to press this theory of devotion too far, but there can be little doubt that the British crown does at present stand as a symbol of unity over diversity such as no other crown, unless it be that of Austria-Hungary, can be said to do. The British crown is not like other crowns; it may conceivably take a line of its own and emerge rejuvenated from trials that may destroy every other monarchical system in the world.

Now many things are going on behind the scenes, many little indications peep out upon the speculative watcher and vanish again; but there is very little that is definite to go upon at the present time to determine how far the monarchy will rise to the needs of this great occasion. Certain acts and changes, the initiative to which would come most gracefully from royalty itself, could be done at this present time. They may be done quite soon. Upon the doing of them wait great

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masses of public opinion. The first of these things is for the British monarchy to sever itself definitely from the German dynastic system with which it is so fatally entangled by marriage and descent, and to make its intention of becoming henceforth more and more British in blood as well as spirit, unmistakably plain. This idea has been put forth quite prominently in The Times. The king has been asked to give his countenance to the sweeping away of all those restrictions first set up by George the Third, upon the marriage of the Royal Princes with British, French and American subjects. The British Empire is very near the limit of its endurance of a kingly caste of Germans. The choice of British royalty between its peoples and its cousins cannot be indefinitely delayed. Were it made now publicly and boldly, there can be no doubt that the decision would mean a renascence of monarchy, a tremendous outbreak of royalist enthusiasm in the Empire. There are times when a king or queen must need be dramatic and must a little anticipate occasions. It is not seemly to make concessions perforce; kings may not make obviously unwilling surrenders; it is the indecisive kings who lose their crowns.

No doubt the Anglicization of the royal family by national marriages would gradually merge that family into the general body of the British peerage. Its consequent loss of distinction might be accompanied by an associated fading out of function, until the King became at last hardly more functional than was the late Duke of Norfolk as premier peer. But that is a speculation far ahead, and it is the immediate future of monarchy that now concerns us.

It must be admitted that the abandonment of marriages within the royal caste and a bold attempt to restore the strain of British blood in the royal family does not in itself fulfil all that is needed if the British king is indeed to become the crowned president and leader of his people. A thing that is productive of an enormous amount of republican talk in Great Britain at the present time is the suspicion—I believe an ill founded suspicion—that there are influences at work at court antagonistic to republican institutions in friendly states and that there is a disposition even to sacrifice the interests of the liberal allies to dynastic sympathies. These things are not to be believed, but it would be a feat of vast impressiveness if there were something like a royal and public repudiation of the weaknesses of cousinship. The behavior of the Allies towards that great Balkan statesman Venizelos, the sacrificing of the friendly Greek republicans in favor of the manifestly treacherous King of Greece, has produced the deepest shame and disgust in many quarters that are altogether friendly, that are even warmly loyal to the British monarchy. It would be a magnificent anticipation and acceptance of the new order of things if the British monarchy were of its own accord to extend a hand to Venizelos.

And in a phase of tottering thrones it is very undesirable that the British habit of asylum should be abused. We have already in England the dethroned monarch of a friendly republic; he is no doubt duly looked after. In the future there may be a shaking of the autumnal boughs and a shower of emperors and kings. We do not want Great Britain to become a hotbed of reactionary plotting and the starting-point of restoration raids into the territories of emancipated peoples. This is particularly desirable if presently, after the Kaiser's death—which by all the statistics of Hohenzollern mortality cannot be delayed now for many years—the present Crown Prince goes a-wandering. We do not want any German ex-monarchs here; Sweden is always open to them and friendly, and to Sweden they ought to go; and particularly do British people dread an irruption of Hohenzollerns or Coburgers. Almost as undesirable would be the arrival of the Czar and Czarina. It is supremely important that no wind of suspicion should blow between us and the new freedom of Russia. After the war even more than during the war will the enemy be anxious to sow discord between the great Russian-speaking and English-speaking democracies. Quite apart from the scandal of their inelegant domesticities, the establishment of the Czar and Czarina in England with frequent and easy access to our royal family may be extraordinarily unfortunate for the British monarchy. I will confess a certain sympathy for the Czar myself. He is not an evil figure, he is not a strong figure, but he has that sort of weakness, that failure in decision, which trails revolution in its wake. He has ended one dynasty already. Our royal family owes it to itself quite as much as to our Empire, that he bring not the infection of his misfortunes hither.

The security of the British monarchy lies in such a courageous severance of its destinies from the inevitable collapse of the Teutonic dynastic system upon the continent of Europe. Will it make that severance? There I share an almost universal ignorance. The loyalty of the British is not to what kings are too prone to call "my person," not to a chosen and admired family, but to a renascent mankind. We have fought in this war for Belgium, for France, for general freedom, for civilization and the whole future of mankind, far more than for ourselves. We have not fought for a king. But we will very gladly go on with our task under a king unless he hampers us in that

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task. That I think is a fair statement of British public opinion on this question. But every day when I am in London I walk past Buckingham Palace to lunch at my club, and I look at that not very expressive façade and wonder—and we all wonder—what thoughts are going on behind it and what acts are being conceived there. Out of it there might yet come some gesture of acceptance magnificent enough to set beside President Wilson's magnificent declaration of war. . . .

These are things in the scales of fate. I will not pretend to be able to guess even which way the scales will swing.

H. G. WELLS.

The "New Era" in Germany

IT is the common verdict of historians upon the Holy Alliance that it ruined a promising experiment in the organization of peace by its meddling in the internal concerns and the constitutional changes of independent nations. The moral that usually follows is that a concert of peace-loving states must be color-blind to the national politics of its component members. Empires and republics, oligarchies and limited monarchies must somehow contrive to find a sufficient link of fraternity in the common resolve to keep the peace. That is the abstract wisdom of academic theory. No league of nations could ever have been built upon it. The reactionaries of the Holy Alliance, who sought a basis of union in the common respect for the principle of authority in politics and religion, were better psychologists and franker men. Mr. Wilson is probably right when he lays it down that our future Holy Alliance of the nations must rest on the common adoption of democracy. A state which insists on maintaining, as Germany has done, a form of government which the rest of the civilized world regards as obsolete and reactionary, will always live isolated, and will always be, by reason of this wilful peculiarity, an object of suspicion to the rest.

The real case against the peculiarity of the German system is not that it is monarchical, nor even that it is imperfectly democratic. It is that this system was consciously maintained against the rest of the world and was admittedly the basis of a militarist organization of society. "Prussia," said Prince Bülow, "is a state of soldiers and officials," and he went on to argue that in history a strong military state has always required firm monarchical guidance. The refusal to adopt the parliamentary principle which has triumphed elsewhere in Europe was something more than individualism and something less than originality. It sprang from the resolve to be, in a world less suitably organized for action, more formidable, more imposing, more commanding than one's neighbors. We need not pause to discuss whether in fact this monarchical structure really is more apt for war than a democratic structure. The important point is that the German ruling class undoubtedly held this opinion. It proclaimed thereby its abiding sense of the all-importance of war. The more it submitted in peace to the inconveniences and restrictions of an authoritative governing machine, the more did it confess its belief that the gains of war outweigh the fruits of peace. The root of this militarism was, it is true, partly fear. The German people was obsessed by the recollection of Jena and its sequel and knew by a sort of hereditary memory how dangerous it is in an armed Europe to be weak. The German people wore the Prussian crown, much as savages wear war plumes, in order to impress its possible enemies. If it was aggressive, the reason for that also was partly fear. It knew that the best form of defense is the bold offensive. Suspicious, fearful, uneasy, it sought to make itself secure by those tactics of bluff and intimidation which made it in the end intolerable. Its imagination oscillated forever between the two alternatives "World-Power or Downfall." It saw no middle course. It thought that a nation must be either hammer or anvil. It was a genuine dread of suffering the fate of the anvil which led it to play the part of the hammer. It had come through a bitter historical experience to this mood, and it crystalized its experience in a political constitution which warned the world that it was resolved to be active, formidable and strong. The tragedy of its situation was that so long as it acted on this theory, it was forever creating for itself fresh experiences which tended to confirm it. It bluffed and bullied, even when it had a sound case (as I think it had in the Moroccan affair) and when its bad manners annoyed and alarmed the rest of the world, it became more defiant than ever because it saw that hostile neighbors "penned" it in. Its fears redoubled, and with its fears its efforts to appear alarming. It refused to discuss disarmament. It scoffed at any international organization of peace. These were "snares" spread in vain before it. The Zabern affair gave its rulers, on the eve of the war, a final opportunity for a ringing and defiant assertion of the military and

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monarchical principle against the will of the people.

How far has the war availed to alter this characteristic German attitude? The very question, it may be said, is absurd. As the war goes on, it only brings fresh examples of this native belief that a state must prevail by seeming terrible and ruthless to its neighbors. It could not be otherwise, and we may count on the pursuit of these tactics to the end. The High Command is in control while the war lasts, and in all that "Germany" does we shall witness at work, not the mind of the nation, but the mind of the General Staff. But the man is blind indeed who refuses to see beneath these phenomena the workings of a tremendous transformation. We had early in the war the promise of a "new orientation" from the Chancellor. Then came his undertaking to collaborate in Mr. Wilson's efforts to create a permanent organization of peace. For Mr. Asquith and M. Briand that involved no breach with the past. In theory, at least, no French or British statesman, for a generation past, has publicly opposed the development of the international idea. Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg did not attempt to conceal the abruptness of the change. He admitted that Germany had stood for the contrary principle, and he explained the advance in an eloquent gesture which pointed to the ruin and devastation of this war, and predicted that at its end "the cry will arise from all mankind for peaceful agreements and understandings to prevent the return of such an immense catastrophe." A few weeks later Count Bernstorff was making apparently official statements in favor of an international agreement to reduce armaments after the war. All this might have meant very little if we had been left with the prospect of a Germany which still retained in her domestic constitution a system of authority which is at bottom an organization for war.

The Kaiser's rescript on "the new era" completes the auguries of change. Two fundamental changes were necessary in order to transform the Europe which in 1914 staggered into the universal war. One of them was the overthrow of the Russian autocracy; the other was the reform of the Prussian franchise. On the monstrous basis of that class-franchise rested the Prussian state "of soldiers and officials": it was the foundation of the Prussian monarchy as we have known it. By her population, her energy, her industry and her ruling tradition, Prussia will always be the predominant partner in the Empire. To reform Prussia is to transform Germany. If the "new era" meant only the destruction of the three-class franchise in Prussia it would mean much; but it cannot stop here. Already an All-Party Committee of the Reichstag is working out the form in which it will for the future define the Chancellor's responsibility towards the sovereign people. So inevitable is the change that Herr Zimmermann has publicly predicted an alteration of the imperial constitution by the consent of the Kaiser and the other federal princes. One may make too much of the paper defects of the German imperial constitution. The Reichstag always had the power to extort reform, since it always had and occasionally exercised the power to refuse money supplies. The chief task of a chancellor was always to manage its groups, and he rarely contrived to pass his budgets or his bills without large concessions and modifications. An obstinate Reichstag could always oblige him (as in 1907) to face a general election. The human factor in politics is, however, vastly more important than paper constitutions. The Reichstag lacked authority, not because it had no power, not because the Kaiser was an "autocrat," but because it rarely had a coherent majority, or a will of its own. For that, the isolation of its two largest parties was chiefly to blame. On the one side was the clerical center, immobile, unchanging, subject neither to growth nor decay, a party into which voters are born and baptized, and which they quit only at death. On the other side was Social Democracy, obstinate in its refusal to coöperate fruitfully with others. Here, too, the war has brought change. There is a certain fusion of parties. The Majority Socialists have dropped the international idealism and revolutionary tactics of their party, and lost in the process something of their old unbending honesty and independence. But they have become in consequence a practical and opportunist parliamentary party. They can take their place in the ranks of a national movement. It is possible at last to imagine some active and effectual impulse originating in the Reichstag. The Kaiser and the Chancellor have, indeed, deferred the promised internal reforms until the coming of peace, but the Chancellor's balanced negative was the most hesitating refusal that ever came from a statesman in power. The nearly unanimous vote of the Reichstag has given an overwhelming mandate for reform. When even the Kölnische Zeitung presses for immediate action, it is reasonable to hope that some beginning of the coming changes will be made, even while the war continues.

While this hopeful movement proceeds in Germany, towards the spontaneous destruction alike of her political reaction and of her militarism (twin phases of the same attitude) there develops in England an ominous tendency to impose upon her an enforced transformation by military dictation. The policy of refusing to negotiate with the Hohenzollerns is now advocated by several of our

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more popular newspapers. A few of those who preach this extreme course are sincere but simple-minded democrats, who really imagine that the Kaiser is an unpopular autocrat and suppose that by signalling to the German nation, groaning under his tyranny, we shall induce it to make a revolution. Others are less ignorant, and more astute. These are the people who from the first days of the war called for the total crushing of the enemy, the dismemberment of his allies, the seizure of his colonies and his fleet and the imposition of an overwhelming indemnity. Then our ultra imperialists boasted that they would "dictate peace in Berlin." Now they talk of "refusing to make terms with a Hohenzollern." It comes to the same thing. The German people will never, under foreign dictation, dismiss the Hohenzollerns, until Berlin has been occupied and the last of their armies overthrown. Not even the Minority Socialists would welcome "liberation" by such means. President Wilson warned Europe last December that the prolongation of the war was endangering civilization itself. To fight on until the German nation had lost all power of resisting the final humiliation of a foreign interference in its form of government, would be to pursue the extremest form of a dictated peace. This school of thought delights to talk of Napoleon. It forgets that Napoleon was an adventurer, a usurper and a man of genius. The Kaiser is none of these things. It forgets that only a generation passed from Napoleon's enforced abdication, before the French people, brooding all the while on his glories and wrongs, revived the tradition of his militarism, and brought back his nephew to power. The parallel moreover ascribes to the Kaiser a personal ascendancy and authority which he never has possessed. The only result of the adoption of this policy (assuming that we could endure the years of warfare which it would entail) would be that a sullen Germany, counting its dead by millions, and brooding over the loss of its independence (for a state that is forced against its will to change its rulers is no longer independent) would resolve, by force or fraud, to evade or overcome the restrictions placed upon its armaments by Europe. The precedent of Jena would be ever present, both to it and to its enemies. We should be forced into a prolonged military occupation to guarantee the new régime, and so far from having ended militarism in Europe, we should have given it a new lease of life. Enforced democracy will not bear the fruits of liberty. By this policy we shall not make democracy secure. The risk of pursuing it is that by openly threatening the right of the German people (as our forefathers put it in 1689) "to choose their own governors," we may confirm the fears that underlay their militarism, and check the hopeful movement by which they are preparing for themselves a new era and more liberal era.

H. N. Brailsford.

London.

The War Power of the President

WAR, as a social function, differs in kind, not merely in degree, from a croquet party or an afternoon tea. This important truth, apparently self-evident, is realized only with much travail by a peace-loving and peace-wonted people. For the present generation of Americans three years of fighting in Europe have done much to prepare our minds for the whole truth. Yet the din of preparation for our part in the great struggle does not drown the protests of those who are shuddering to see the conventionalities of the tea party shattered and ignored.

Even among those who are convinced that we were obliged to fight, there prevails more or less the notion that we must do it gingerly, with anxious consideration for the ways of liberty and law. The Kaiser, all agree, must be brought low, but editors wish to see it done without censorship of the press; professors and public-square orators expect the process to raise up no obstruction to the flow of words and even of ideas; there are those who hope that the whole enterprise may go on in the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount; Congressmen wish to see it finished without exaltation of the executive as compared with the legislative branch of the government.

These ideas per se are sound in political science, wise in law, admirable in Christian morality. It is well that they be thoroughly debated now at the opening of hostilities, and employed in shaping the course of legislation. Many people will expect them thus to have some appreciable effect on the actual conduct of the war. This faith is bound to suffer a grievous shock if, as is by no means impossible, the war shall prove to be a prolonged and hard-fought struggle. A disillusionment will come such as came during our War of Secession. In that strenuous time lofty ideals of liberty and law and cravings for the ways of Christian righteousness were freely proclaimed as the guides for action, but what determined the course of events when the struggle was at its fiercest was the judg-

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ment and will of Abraham Lincoln; and what will supersede in our present conflict, if necessary, the wishes of the good, the enactments of Congress and the opinion of the courts will be the will of Woodrow Wilson, constitutional "commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the United States, and of the militia of the several states when called into the actual service of the United States."

As the tension of our war with Germany increases, it will be strange if the precedents of the earlier time do not become continuously more controlling as a guide to executive action. The first steps of Lincoln to meet the emergency at the fall of Sumter were premonitory of the expansion of his authority. Having called out three months' militia, as he was empowered by law to do, he further ordered the enlistment of forty regiments of three-year volunteers and ten regiments of regulars —orders that were wholly without warrant in law. At the same time he manifested much less haste than Mr. Wilson has displayed in calling Congress to his aid. Lincoln's call for an extra session was issued on April 15th, but the date for the assembling of the legislators was fixed for July 4th, nearly three months later. This long interval reveals a singular lack of eagerness on the part of the President to have Congress on his hands.

Nor was the President's interest greater in winning the coöperation of the judiciary in the arduous task of suppressing an insurrection. Military officers and secret service agents began at once to seize persons suspected of disloyalty and commit them to custody in forts. Writs of habeas corpus were procured to release them, or at least to ascertain the charges against them; but the President ordered his commanders to deny the privilege of the writs, and a despairing protest against manifest illegality was all that could be opposed to the executive power by so exalted a judicial magistrate as the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

No issues such as those just referred to have yet arisen in connection with the inception of the present war. The formal declaration of hostilities, unlike the brutal acts of hostility that caused it, has conformed with nicety to all the requirements of constitutional and international law. Mr. Wilson has to deal at the outset with a war against a foreign nation, while Mr. Lincoln's task was assumed to be the dispersion of a gigantic mob. The arrests and imprisonments in 1917 affect alien enemies; those of 1861 affected citizens suspected of crime. There is no such occasion at present as there was in 1861 for the assumption of arbitrary authority by the executive. It is likely to be different when the conflict now beginning shall have entered a more furious stage.

The central and controlling fact in the whole matter of the President's power is the unobtrusive clause of the Constitution which makes him commander-in-chief of the army and navy. In time of war the commander of an army is practically a law unto himself, so far as concerns the ends to be gained by military force. His judgment gives the decision without appeal as to the means and methods of compelling the enemy to submission. The life, the liberty and the property of those subject to his orders must be sacrificed without hesitation at his word. All this, while terrible, is commonplace when associated with the thought of the chief of an army that is actively engaged against an enemy in the field. But the ascription of such authority to a President of the United States comes to us to-day with much of a jolt; and we do not wonder that to the people of the Civil-War time the birth and swift growth of the doctrine to maturity was viewed with deep alarm and foreboding.

For many months after the outbreak of the war in 1861 the arrest and imprisonment of citizens by mere administrative order was based, so far as any explanation was ever given, usually on charges or suspicion of assistance given to the Confederates. Any kind of connection with the South or its people put a man in the same position as that of the German-Americans to-day. The zeal of the government's secret service often outran its intelligence. At the same time the activity of the friends and agents of the Confederacy in the North was undeniably as extensive, if not as well organized and barbarous, as that of the Germans lately throughout America. In consequence of these conditions the number of "political" or "state" prisoners that crowded the forts and other places of detention became embarrassing. In February, 1862, a gaol delivery was undertaken by order of the President, not, however, by turning over the unfortunates to the civil courts, but by directing the Secretary of War to release on parole those whose release would not, in his judgment, imperil the public safety.

Mr. Lincoln, in this proceeding, stood firmly on the doctrine to which he remained faithful to the end, that it was the constitutional right and duty of the President to employ in wartime the autocratic authority of the military chief. Some of the prisoners to whom release was offered refused to subscribe the required parole and demanded either an unconditional release or the adjudication of the charges against them in open court, that their innocence might be established. The demand was refused. Damage to an individual's reputation by

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unexplained arrest, like damage to a court's dignity by contemptuous treatment of its writ of habeas corpus, was held to be a sad but necessary incident of the existence of war.

The complete unfolding of the powers in the commander-in-chief was reached during the year 1862, largely in connection with the two great policies of emancipation and conscription. The proclamation freeing the slaves was by its terms a military act pure and simple. Its character and effects, moral, legal and practical, would be paralleled to-day if President Wilson should issue a proclamation "by virtue of the power in [him] vested as commander-in-chief . . . and as a fit and necessary war measure," declaring that within certain designated states of Germany persons held to the obligation of military service of the Kaiser should henceforward be free. Such a measure would be, like Mr. Lincoln's, a spectacular rather than an immediately effectual manifestation of the war power.

In the measures relating to conscription, on the contrary, the heavy hand of the military chief fell directly and relentlessly upon every loyal district of the United States. Drafting to fill the quotas of states where volunteers no longer responded was resorted to in the summer of 1862. The proceedings were novel and unpopular. Legal obstacles and others of less orderly character appeared. It was the year of elections for Congress, and political opposition to the administration became demonstrative. Hostility to emancipation and to conscription blended with the old partisan hostility to the Republicans in general, and the Democrats took on the hue that has become historically that of the Copperhead. The crucial problem of popular government was precisely posed—Can the freedom of choice in the elections be preserved in time of civil or foreign war?

Mr. Lincoln's solution was, in part, a proclamation in September making subject to martial law not only all insurgents and their abettors, but also "all persons discouraging volunteer enlistments, resisting military drafts, or guilty of any disloyal practice affording aid and comfort to rebels." Such persons were to be tried and punished by court martial or military commission, and as to all persons arrested or held by any military authority, the writ of habeas corpus was suspended.

A moment's reflection on the possibilities of the phrases "discouraging enlistments," and "disloyal practice" enables any one to understand the scope of the authority formally assumed by the President in this proclamation. Neither phrase had any definition in either common or statute law. Whether the conduct of a private citizen fell under either or both of the phrases, was to be determined by a military commission; and a military commission was merely a board of officers appointed by the commander-in-chief and subject to his orders. The unlimited authority indicated by these considerations was and is the prerogative of the President of the United States in time of war. His power in his military capacity is as great as that of any monarch in the world. The exercise of such power by a man like Abraham Lincoln or like Woodrow Wilson is not likely to become general and intolerable tyranny. They are sensitive to the deeper currents of public sentiment and they are always conscious of that limit upon the absolute ruler that consists in the forbearance of his subjects. Not so the subordinates upon whom the administration of the army's business depends. Their duty is to carry out the orders of their superior, and to overcome by force whatever obstructs them. Nice discrimination between a political attack on the President as leader of a party and incitement to resistance to his authority as commander of the army, is never to be counted upon in the conduct of actual war. Here was the source of Mr. Lincoln's most vexatious trials, and here Mr. Wilson is likely to be put to the test when the enforcement of the draft is in progress during a political campaign.

The celebrated Vallandigham case in 1863 turned on just this point. This man was one of the most prominent Democrats of Ohio, and was campaigning for his party's nomination for governor of the state. For expressions in one of his speeches he was arrested by General Burnside, convicted by a military commission, and eventually, by direct order of the President, was sent through the lines into the Confederacy. Mr. Lincoln, though annoyed by the proceedings of his general in this case, stood by him and sought with some success to derive from it what patriotic political capital was possible. Later, however, when Burnside, with undiminished zeal, summarily suppressed the Chicago Times, the President promptly revoked the order.

There were occasions, naturally enough, when even Mr. Lincoln's great patience gave way, and he himself applied directly the full force of his absolute power. A conspicuous instance was in the tense days of May, 1864, when Grant's drive against Lee was showing losses appallingly disproportionate to its progress. In a sordid scheme to get profit by a shock to the stock market a forged call for more troops was foisted upon two New York papers, the World and the Journal of Commerce. As these were Democratic papers, it was assumed by the administration that the publication was a deliberate attempt to make capital for their party, and accordingly Mr. Lincoln immediately ordered the commander at Governor's Island to

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seize the editors and try them by military commission on the charge of treasonably giving aid and comfort to the rebels. The offices of the papers were held by soldiers for several days. Even when it became clear that the papers had been sinned against rather than sinning, neither the punishment of the forger (who proved to be a young journalist with influential Republican friends) nor the reparation to the editors was impressively just.

These two conspicuous episodes, like hundreds of minor cases throughout the country, exhibited the presidential power quite irrespective of what was conferred by legislation. Congress indeed enacted, as its successor is trying to enact to-day, statutes intended to regulate and in a measure restrict the exercise of the executive's war power. Their effect on the policy of the government was negligible, so long as hostilities lasted. A year after the fall of the Confederacy, however, they served to save from the gallows several citizens under sentence of death by military commission in Indiana, and enabled the Supreme Court of the United States to announce the opinion that such commissions were unlawful save where the regular civil tribunals were prevented from acting by the actual presence of contending armies.

The judgment of the court in this famous case (*Ex parte* Milligan) implied that much of President Lincoln's procedure in the loyal states by virtue of his war power had been unconstitutional. Applied in our conflict with Germany, it would mean that Mr. Wilson can use the full powers of a commander-in-chief—that is, apply martial law—in the United States only in case a German army or insurgent force occupies part of its territory. It will be a credulous soul, however, who will expect practice to be guided by this logic. Supreme Court decisions are no less silent than other law in the presence of arms. When two or three millions of our citizens are constituted an army, the will of its supreme commander will be in fact our law until the mission of that army is accomplished. Often we shall doubtless suspect his motives, question his judgment, resent his methods; but on penalty of losing civilization itself by the triumph of our enemies, his commands we must obey.

WILLIAM A. DUNNING.

War Experts

War is not now a matter of the stout heart and the strong arm. Not that these attributes do not have their place and value in modern warfare; but they are no longer the chief or decisive factors in the case. The exploits that count in this warfare are technological exploits; exploits of technological science, industrial appliances, and technological training. As has been remarked before, it is no longer a gentleman's war, and the gentleman, as such, is no better than a marplot in the game as it is played.—*Thorstein Veblen in The Nature of Peace.*

ACROSS a park in Washington I followed the leisurely stride of two British officers. Their movement, punctuated by long walking-sticks, had a military deliberation which became their veteran gray hairs. They were in khaki uniform and leather leggings, a red strip at the shoulder marking them as staff officers. Amid groups of loitering nurses and tethered infants and old men feeding pop-corn to the birds they were as of a grander race of men.

After a pang of civilian inferiority I asked who they were and learned that one of them was simply a Canadian lawyer—and that, being a judge advocate, he was obliged to boot and spur himself in his hotel bedroom every morning and ride up and down the elevator in polished leggings, for the good of the cause. Never in his life had he heard a machine-gun fired. Never had he flourished anything more dangerous than his family carving knife. On inspection his companion looked similarly martial. The only certain veteran in the parklet was a shrunken old pensioner feeding tame robins on the grass.

Part of the politico-military art is window-dressing of this description. It excites the romantic populace, composed of pedestrians like myself, and serves to advertise the colors. It suggests a leonine order of values from which the shambling citizen is debarred. But back of the window-dressing, the rhetoric of costume and medal and prepared ovation and patriotic tears, there is a reality as different from these appearances as roots are different from flowers. If I had ever supposed that the gist of war was to be derived solely from contemplating uniformed warriors, I came to a new conclusion when I overheard the cool experts of war.

These experts, such of them as I happened to overhear, had come with the British mission to America, and they were far other than the common notion of lords of war. The most impressive of them was a slight figure who reminded me externally of the Greek professor in Bernard Shaw's Major Barbara. Before the war he had been a don at Cambridge, a teacher of economics, and he retained the lucid laboratory manner of an

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expert who counts on holding attention. It was not in him, as it is in so many older pooh-bah professors, to expect a deference to personal garrulity, but one gained an impression that no words were likely to be wasted on vacuous listeners by a person with such steel-gray eyes. From London, since the beginning of the war, this concentrated reflective man had gone out to Paris, to Rome, to Petrograd, to join counsel with various allies on the science of providing munitions. It would never have occurred to any pork packer to employ this fine-faced, sensitive, quiet-voiced professor to work out the economic killing of cattle. Yet almost as soon as he had volunteered in England he began on the task that now confronts ourselves of adapting industry to slaughter, and there was no doubt whatever that his inclusive mind, arriving at irresistible solutions by processes at once clear and intricate, had procured the result that only a high purpose condones. It was a joy, strange to say, to listen to him. He was one of those men whom H. G. Wells used to delight in imagining, the sort of man who could keep cool in a cosmic upheaval, his mind as nimble as quicksilver while he devised the soundest plan for launching the forces of his sphere. There was no more trace of priesthood in him than in a mechanic or a chauffeur. He deliberated the organizing of America for destructiveness as an engineer might deliberate lining a leaky tunnel with copper, and there was as little pretension in his manner as there was sentiment or doubt. His accent was cultivated, he was obviously a university man, but he had come to the top by virtue of mental equipment. "Mental equipment" means many things, but plainly he was not of those remote academicians who go in for cerebral scroll-saw work. He managed his mind as a woodman manages an ax. The curt swing and drive and bite of it could escape no one, and for all his almost plaintively modest demeanor he had instant arresting power. It was he and a few men like him who had made it feasible for amateur armies to loop round an empire a burning rain of steel.

This master of munitions was by no means the only schoolman who had demonstrated a supremacy of brains. There was another professor, purchaser of guns, who had come to his rôle from holding the kind of position that Matthew Arnold once had held. A meagre figure enough, superficially the scholastic-dyspeptic, he had shown that the bureaucracy of education was no bad beginning for ordering a new department with small attention to the tricks of merchandise but with every thought as to technological detail. The conversations that went about did not seem to engage this man, except as it turned on such engrossing topics as the necessity for circumventing child labor. For the rest he was as a soft silent cloud that gathered the ascending vapors, and discharged itself in lightning decision which made no change in the obscurity from which it came.

Under a lamp at night on Connecticut avenue I saw one late-working member of the mission stop wearily to fend off American inquisition. A training in the Foreign Office had given this distinguished exile a permanent nostalgia for Olympus—and how Olympian the British Foreign Office is, few Americans dare to behold. The candidature to this interesting service of a great democracy is limited to a "narrow circle of society" by various excellent devices, the first of which is that official conditions of entry fix the amount of the private means required at a minimum of £400 a year. "The primary qualification for the diplomatic service," says one friendly interpreter of it, "is a capacity to deal on terms of equality with considerable persons and their words and works. Sometimes, very rarely, this capacity is given, in its highest form, by something which is hardly examinable—by very great intellectual powers. Ordinarily, however, this capacity is a result of nurture in an atmosphere of independence. Unfortunately, it is scarcely too much to say that the present constitution of society provides this atmosphere of independence only where there is financial independence. In a very few cases freedom of mind and character is achieved elsewhere, but then a great price, not measurable by money, has to be paid for it—how great a price only those who have paid it know. . . . The 'property qualification' is operative as a means of selecting a certain kind of character; no readjustment of pay could be a substitute for it. Undoubtedly, as thus operative, it imposes a limitation, but the limitation imposed is not that of a class-prejudice or of a mere preference for wealth—it is a limitation imposed by the needs of the diplomatic service, and those needs are national needs." Out of such a remarkable background, so redolent of "the present constitution of society," my exiled diplomat took his weary stand before prying writers for the press. They wanted to know "the critical shrinking point." They wished to discuss the "maximum theoretic availability." He had no answer to make, he merely made diplomatic moan. In the heavy dispatch box that he set at his feet there were undoubtedly treasured figures, priceless information for Germany in her jiu-jitsu of the sea. That dispatch box might have been solid metal for any effect it had on the conversation. He was a kind of expert who took interrogation with pallid mournfulness, who punctured silence with, "Look here, you've got hold of absolutely the wrong

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man. . . . Hanged if I know. . . . My dear sir, I haven't the very faintest idea."

And yet this member of a caste was only coming through because he too was paying the technological price. A gallant tradition of his clan painfully suspended so that he could give himself to these duties, he was now master in his own right of strategic mundane fact. Wheat and nitrate and ore and rubber—there was nothing his country might need which did not occupy him, staff officer of vital trafficking throughout these numbered nights.

Outside the soldiers and the sailors and the gentlemen whose capacity for interpreting their country comes as "a result of nurture in an atmosphere of independence," there were a few business men on the mission—mighty few considering their lordship in times of peace. Most of the dominant figures either from Oxford or Cambridge, there was one other intellectual who stood out as rather an exception to the prevailing type. He was an older man whose nature brimmed with ideas, a Titan born to laughter and high discourse and a happy gigantic effervescence. If a reputation brayed too loudly at him, he named its author an ass. If liberalism were intoned to him, he called it detestable and cried to knock the English Nation's head against the Manchester Guardian's. Yet he was distinguished from most of his colleagues as a radical who afforded wild opinions of his own. To the organization of his country he had contributed an invaluable idea, and each problem that came up in turn he conducted out of its narrow immediate importance into the perspective of a natural philosophy. No fonder than any other Englishman of a prearranged system, he irked more than most of his countrymen at the stuffiness of badly bundled facts. With a great sweep of vigor he would start at the proposition of handling war industry, for example, on a basis not inadequate to the requirements, and out of his running oration would come a wealth of such suggestions as spring only from a cross-fertilizing habit of mind. Nothing but a flexible system could have availed itself of so spontaneous a nature as this; and men whose complexions have the green-yellow of the shade of the tree of knowledge cannot but look at him askance.

Springing out of the native need and capacity, such are England's experts in war-time, and in due relation to their skill and devoir His Brittanic Majesty's forces bear the brunt of their fight. Those who bear the brunt of it, indeed, are the flower of the people, but the roots of the flower are in just such laborious depths as employ these hidden missionaries.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

CORRESPONDENCE

Why America Has Misunderstood France

SIR: Anyone who studied French life seriously just before the present war knows that the many interesting American accounts of the birth of a new France the day the Germans crossed the frontier are only confessions of a misunderstanding of French character and recent French progress. But how can one explain this misunderstanding of the French that had steadily become more and more prevalent in America for decades before the war? How had so many Americans come to look upon Frenchmen as undisciplined, insignificant little fellows who counted for almost nothing in the important business of keeping the world going? Why did the so-called idealists of the western world grow away from the idealists of republican France—the very men and women who above all others just now seem capable of "a disinterested enthusiasm for a cherished ideal"?

Not long ago I came quite accidentally upon one explanation. It grew out of a whimsical means I have of amusing myself. I have an absorbing interest in stray fragments of conversation. Not that I believe I have an abnormal desire to know the private affairs of any individual stranger whom I may be near; but snatches of conversation such as one may hear without effort in public places afford me singular amusement. So one day recently when I was making a trip to Chicago—a trip of a hundred and fifty miles—I found myself jotting down occasional sentences that I heard while the train stood quietly at stations, or at other times when good, healthy Hoosier voices were lifted above the creaking and the rattle of the wooden observation car. As I wrote them down I became aware that they explained just as they stood, our neglect of the best part of French life. Perhaps after I first began to realize their significance, I exercised a degree of "unconscious selection"; but I tried not to do so. I give them below, without omission and without any change in the order in which I jotted them down:

"They thought they had us, but we got a provision in that skinned them out of six thousand themselves."

"I understand they're selling for $12.80 to-day."

"The whole bunch are barbarians; so let them go to it and shoot hell out of each other if they want to."

"She's plump enough now; and she says she's real solid."

"Well, we like the Cadillac just as well as the Marmon we had."

"All of these stone roads through here are soft. . . . He made a good bunch of money out of them, I guess."

"She had I don't know how many operations before she went to French Lick."

"Yes, sir! Why they can just put those big wheels on a Ford and make a tractor that will pull three ice-wagons."

"I think it's all right for a girl to wait five or six years if he can make more, but I wouldn't wait ten."

"Do you think these geologists know anything about where the oil is?"

"Oh, yes—they do. They can make a man a lot of money if they're on the square. They can tell where the oil *ought* to be."

"My husband just bought a hundred acres of that land last week."

"What are your lines?"

"Soda water."

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"We had a good thing all right, but the damned Dutch blew up two of the factories we bought from."

"That's a pretty good cabaret, isn't it?"

"We'll just have to take about six months off and go over there and lick the whole damned bunch."

"Why it's the best car at the show."

"That's the trouble with all of that California land."

"Yes, sir! Forty-one thousand."

"It's too cold to keep a garage these days. I'm going back to Florida."

"The houses through there average $25,000.00."

"I don't care what they do, so long as they don't upset American business."

"Why, my wife can play poker as well as anybody; and believe me she likes the game all righty, too."

"She probably owns a section of oil land in Oklahoma" [when an Indian girl passes along the aisle]. "Well, look at that. She's riding in a stateroom [sic], too. All right, Bright Eyes, you can have me for your lawful wedded husband if you'll just say the word."

"It's harder to build the second story."

"I don't like the hood."

"A man's a fool to buy that kind of insurance."

"Now, don't knock the National Guard. They could lick all the Dutch in Germany."

"He said he was going to carry it to court."

"Well, I hope we don't get into it. It will cost a lot of money."

"What is this? Hammond?"

"The biggest ones in the world are at Gary."

ROLLO WALTER BROWN.

Crawfordsville, Indiana.

At Norman Tables

SIR: I was interested in Mr. Untermeyer's comments on Mr. Jones's adventure with Heine, chiefly because I felt that Mr. Untermeyer uttered fundamental things without realizing that they were fundamental. He exclaimed, you will remember, against the translators who were afraid to call a shirt a shirt, a chemise, a chemise, or, I might add, a Greek, a Greek. He protests that Mr. Jones, by circumlocution, or by a refinement of "poetic" diction, prefers to call shirts garments, and Greeks Hellenes.

The problem of the translator is not only to put the words of one language into the proper cadences and rhythms of another language; but it is also to put the poetry of one tradition into the poetry of another tradition, and to do so without sacrificing any of their inherent beauty or charm. Because this transplantation from the German to the English is at present impossible, Mr. Untermeyer lays himself open to be charged with lack of good taste. For what, sir, is the poetic tradition if not the tradition of taste?

The great tradition of German poetry defined itself in the beginning of the last century. It broke with the artificial and "poetic" diction of the rococo period and expressed noble sentiments in simple and straightforward language. Since this time of enthusiasm for the natural and direct forms of the folk poetry, it has been possible to use such words as "Eingeweide," intestines or guts; as "saugen" to suck, and the like without in any way offending good taste. The German tradition is close to the roots of things and very close to an essential reality.

The great tradition of English poetry, like the great tradition of English politics, is characterized by a strange dualism. At the tables of the Normans we call swine, pork; and we call shirt, garment. We dare not offend our aristocratic patrons by too crude a symbol. Thus the English tradition is finely wrought, elevated, and rich, but it is not too close to the roots of things.

Mr. Untermeyer touched on this but he did not seem to realize its significance, otherwise he could not have been so unjust to the translator. And he *was* unjust; because if we are to translate Heine's poetry from the German tradition into the English tradition, as Mr. Jones has done, we will have something that is very beautiful but something that is not German, nor Heine. If we transplant the German tradition into the English symbols, we will have neither Heine nor poetry. When Heine calls a chemise a chemise he does not deviate strongly from the tradition, nor is he vulgar. He uses an honest-to-God name for an honest-to-God object, and it becomes beautiful because it is worn by an honest-to-God girl. When Heine speaks of "Griechenherzen" he calls up the enthusiasm of the Storm and Stress for the "Kraft and Natur" poetry. When Jones translates this into "hearts Hellenic" he suggests "Saint" Matthew Arnold's "Hellenic view of life" and anything except the rush of power which the German word connotes.

I think Mr. Untermeyer upon consideration would agree with me that the translator is squeamish, not because he is afraid, but because he realizes that the time is not yet ripe for the transplantation of the German tradition into the English phrases. If the attempts of that American school of which Mr. Untermeyer is so able an exponent are successful, that time may soon come. When it does come it will bring a more flexible instrument to the poet and relieve the translator of many of his cares.

R. D. JAMESON.

Madison, Wisconsin.

We Are Responsible for Allies

SIR: The general feeling in this country seems to be that if we merely declare that we are fighting for democracy, civilization, and humanity, and seek nothing for ourselves, we shall come out of this war with clean hands, whatever our European allies may decide to seize from the common enemy when he has been defeated, and, furthermore, that what Europe does is none of our business. Three things, however, seem to me obvious: first, that every blow we strike for the nobler war is equally a blow for the parasitic war for territorial aggrandizement which still flourishes within it; second, that waging war for conquest is entirely contrary to American ideals, and third, that we have at our disposal three commodities that have a high value in the diplomatic market, money, food, and men. If we fail to demand as the price of our assistance that our allies formally renounce all conquest at the expense of the Central Powers, we shall be morally negligent and open to the reproaches of future generations of Americans. And if we should incidentally succeed in establishing the doctrine that robbery by force is no more permissible between nations than between individuals, and in setting up a court of justice to handle territorial disputes, we should have done a great deal to assure a permanent peace. Peace between individuals came rather through law than through arbitration.

CARL H. P. THURSTON.

Pasadena, California.

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After the Play

WHEN Ghosts was performed in London at the time of the Queen's Jubilee, and Bernard Shaw was thereby caused to speculate calmly whether life hadn't taught Victoria very much the same things it had taught Mrs. Alving, he probably would not have admitted that twenty years later anyone would still believe it something of a radical adventure to produce Ibsen. Yet when Mary Shaw and the Washington Square Players put on Ghosts last week at the Comedy, most of New York's radicals —dramatic radicals, at least—were present, and the next day the Evening Post reminded us that there are still people to whom the play "would seem to be efficiently defined by the single adjective 'oppressive'." There must be something queer about a radical play that stays radical so long. Can it be that Ibsen was really telling the truth about himself when he wrote, after the first production in Helsingborg (which took place, by the way, before the present writer was born) "There is not in the whole book a single opinion, a single utterance, which can be laid to the account of the author. . . . My object was to make the reader feel that he was going through a piece of real experience; and nothing could more effectually prevent such an impression than the intrusion of the author's private opinions into the dialogue. . . . They say that the book preaches Nihilism. Not at all. It is not concerned to preach anything whatsoever. It merely points to the ferment of Nihilism going on under the surface, at home as elsewhere. A Pastor Manders will always goad one or other Mrs. Alving to revolt."

Of course that statement of Ibsen's has often been formally admitted, yet I defy anyone to see the play without believing Ghosts to be a subversive piece of propaganda, all the more subversive because of its power as a dramatic masterpiece. That, perhaps, was not unnatural when the ideas it stimulated were new, when the conversation it reproduced was thought dangerous. But now Nihilism sounds as old-fashioned as black walnut what-nots. No one any longer receives a thrill to hear that impecunious young artists sometimes live sober family lives in Paris without being married. The moralist condemning books he has never read is too stale a joke for any self-respecting comedy. Every Y. M. C. A. director knows that a community which can offer "the joy of life" is necessary to keep young men from going wrong. And as for the biological application of "the sins of the fathers"—that is a commonplace of instruction for the young. Reminding ourselves of these facts, we would say that one of two things ought to have happened to Ghosts. Either—if it is really propaganda—it ought to have grown so stale that almost nobody would have anything but a historical interest in it; or—if it is really an inevitable tragedy—we ought to think of it as of Oidipos Tyrannos, naturally, as a frightful and self-containing play of man and fate. The puzzle is that neither has happened. Everybody who saw the excellent performance in the Comedy Theatre was awed and frightened. (One can speak for everybody in an audience which is moved by a play.) Yet everybody came out of the theatre weighing Mrs. Alving's attitude towards life against that of Pastor Manders, feeling that the author meant him to decide for Mrs. Alving, blaming conservatives, or society, or religion, or "ghosts" for Oswald's terrible extinction. The difference between Oidipos and Ghosts seems at first to be that in Oidipos the inevitability is cosmic, in Ghosts it is particular.

Two women sitting in front of me gave me the clue to the puzzle. Every little while they would look at each other knowingly after a painful and amused recognition of some attitude on the stage. I am morally sure neither of them had ever been haunted by any of the particular ghosts that haunted Mrs. Alving—at least neither of them wore a wedding ring. But they were thinking perhaps of some Pastor Manders who is now being shocked by woman suffrage, or justice to workers in the canneries—it matters not what. They were, after all, proving the truth of Ibsen's statement, "A Pastor Manders will always goad one or other Mrs. Alving to revolt." The persistence of Ghosts is insured by the very fact that Ibsen was not so concerned in the special utterances of his characters as he was in the human situation—a situation common to all the radicalism of modern society. This radicalism lives, and shifts from issue to issue, on account of a way of thinking which is just as fundamental to us as the way the Greeks had of thinking about fate was to them. If Ibsen had stopped at the end of his first act he would have had a play, but he would not have had the play he wanted to write. For the essence of that play is in the contrast between the attitude of Mrs. Alving towards her afflictions in the first act and in the second and third acts. In the first act she blames her husband and Pastor Manders for all that has happened. In the second she blames the community she is living in for her husband. In the third she blames herself and Pastor Manders for that community. The particular tragedy, the particular inevitability of Ghosts is now stale. But the tragedy, the inevitability, of Ghosts is not the particular one. It is the general one which the modern can escape no more than the Greek could escape fate. This circle, this conflict of individual responsibility and social inertia, is the unresolved progression of our lives. The necessary recurrence of avoidable tragedies—this is the reality which keeps impressing us in Ghosts, decade after decade. It is, for instance, nearly the whole horror of the present war. The ability to feel that Ghosts is something more than "oppressive" is the test of the modern attitude toward life. This kind of tragedy is more frightful than the kind which left the responsibility on fate and the transgressor. But it is also more hopeful—though the hope may be as pathetic as Oswald's final, childish, "Give me the sun!"

Concerning the performance much might be said. There was no attempt at anything beyond an adequate production in the conventional style. Mary Shaw's Mrs. Alving was excellent, and more satisfying in the restrained moments than in the uncontrolled ones. Why is it, I wonder, that an actress in a realistic play almost always seems more lifelike in quiet, usual dialogue than in crises? It is not so with real people. Perhaps the reason is that the emotional tone of an audience differs from that of a participating spectator more in a crisis than elsewhere. To master the necessary illusion for this adjustment is one of the principal problems in presenting such a play. José Ruben as Oswald succeeded better in this respect—perhaps for the very reason that he was slightly less matter-of-fact, more fantastic, in the ordinary stretches. At any rate his outbursts never for a moment overweighted sympathetic credulity. Arthur Hohl filled out an acceptable Pastor Manders, but not the one I had always imagined, who was simpler, more innocent and upstanding, more of a fool and less of a coward. Margaret Mower was credible as Regina, and T. W. Gibson made a great deal—almost too much—out of Engstrand.

G. S.

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Books and Things

SCENE: A man's library. From the appearance of the books, which look as if they were used to being taken down from the shelves and put back again, a trained observer suspects that the owner of the library likes to read. This suspicion hardens into a respectful conviction as soon as the trained observer has had time to notice the absence of certain authors, such as Alfred Noyes, Arthur Christopher Benson and Rabindranath Tagore.

The owner of the library, Wilbur, aged forty-eight, is sitting in an armchair beside a table loaded with volumes of contemporary verse. His appearance proves that it is possible to look as tired as a business man without looking like a business man.

His visitor, Eben Strang, who is standing in front of the fire, is some fifteen years younger than his host. He has a round dogmatic head. Trained observers of his way of speaking would hesitate between the opinion that it came natural to him and the opinion that he had acquired it by studying one of those works on the cultivation of the will which teach you how to make your personality count and how to be aggressive in private life.

Wilbur: I dare say it's my age. I suppose I am getting too old to appreciate what is new, to care for anything but the old familiar voices. Take this volume of verse—by a friend of mine. People seem to admire it. I have just read it through. The author records his sensations at great length. Here's an autumnal sort of thing. He has noticed that there is more chrome than ochre in one leaf and more ochre than chrome in another. His poem gives me some of the pleasure I get from looking at autumn leaves and none of the pleasure, of the specific pleasure, I get from poetry.

Strang: Well, what of it? A friend of yours has written a mediocre book of minor verse. What could be more natural and probable? Why should the fact trouble you?

Wilbur: You don't understand. It wouldn't trouble me if this were an isolated case. But it is not. People say that more persons are writing good verse at present than ever before in English, that the average of achievement is higher, that there is a renascence of poetry. My mind tells me that the existence of so many poets at this moment is exciting, and I am not excited. I read what they write, and it gives me almost no pleasure. Men and women who would have been inarticulate but for the renascence of poetry have become semi-articulate. That is all it means to me. And I ask myself whether it wouldn't mean more to me if I weren't nearing fifty. Is my mind getting stiff?

Strang: You believe that once upon a time you knew good poetry when you saw it?

Wilbur: Yes, something of the sort, I suppose.

Strang: What makes you think so?

Wilbur: Why, things like this. I like Milton's sonnet to Mr. Lawrence better than the sonnet On His Blindness, Wordsworth's Solitary Reaper better than his great Ode, Shelley's West Wind better than The Cloud, Sidney's sonnet-beginnings better than his sonnet-endings.

Strang: Good examples. I share those preferences. But why do you call them yours? Because nobody looked over your shoulder when you were first reading Shelley and Wordsworth and Milton? But hundreds of good judges have liked better what you like better. Some of them have said so. How can you be sure that their preferences were unknown to you when your own taste was forming?

Wilbur: Oh, I don't remember anything about it. The point is what I am now certain of, that these would have been my preferences although they had been nobody's but mine; that they would still be mine although no one else in the world agreed with me.

Strang: That is absolutely uncertain. Anyway, the fact is that whether your taste got fully formed with or without help you found out before long that a decent number of good judges were on your side. You grew up in a world where all good judges told you Milton and Wordsworth and Shelley were great poets, and where you could find, for any preference you might happen to think you had—say, for the West Wind over The Cloud—enough authority to make your preference respectable. To tell me that you would have liked what you do like even though nobody else had liked it is to ask me to believe that you escaped the pressure of authority by a miracle. For years you were exposed to the pressure of a tradition which told you that there had been a few great English poets and that each of them had written a few best things. Now, when you are nearly fifty, your taste is precisely and exactly what it would have been if you had no individual taste whatever.

Wilbur: I am afraid I have not made myself clear. With or without help, I still get keen pleasure from poetry I read for the first time between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five. I get almost no pleasure from poetry that I now read for the first time. And I ask what is the matter? Is it my age? Or are the new poets to blame?

Strang: That was clear the first time you said it. I wish my answer had been as clear. Let me repeat it. You suspect in yourself the loss of a faculty there is no proof that you ever had. Reading at ease, eagerly, with the whole body of English poetry to choose from, with the taste of respectable judges to imitate, you have achieved a liking for a few poems—devilish few if we compare their amount with the total amount of English verse. Now, having read the output of a few recent years, having read it conscientiously, and in the fear of missing something—two of the worst of all possible ways of reading verse—you complain because you find mighty little that you like enough to read it a second time. Try to take a more realistic view of your situation.

Wilbur: I'd like to. But I don't know how to go about it.

Strang: I will show you how. You have read all the verse published in English in the last—how many years? Four? Very well. Take any four years you choose—the early seventeenth century, the early nineteenth—and read all, absolutely all, the English poetry published in that time. You will be astonished to see how small a proportion of the whole you like and how indifferent most of it leaves you. Of course the experiment will not prove that you would not have found more things to like if you had made the experiment thirty years earlier. But this absence of proof will not trouble you. You won't realize it. And you will be consoled. That is my first piece of advice. My second is this: Stop reading the new poets through. Stop reading them conscientiously. Take poetry more casually. All your early reading life you lived on tips. Wait for tips on the new poetry.

Wilbur: But who will give them to me? Nobody praises the new poetry who does not overpraise it. The good judges are dead.

Strang: The good judges are dead, but the best judges are alive and young. Wait until somebody you know, some young friend of nineteen or twenty, puts a poem he likes under your eyes. He will do you this service from time to time if you ask him. He may not succeed in opening your eyes, but at any rate you won't succeed in shutting his.

P. L.

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A Classic that Survives

Dialogues Concerning Two New Sciences, by Galileo Galilei. Translated by Henry Crew and Alfonso De Salvio. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.00.

THE other day our cousin Sam rushed into my room flourishing this handsome volume and with his usual brusqueness began: "Now look here, answer me outright, is this an accurate translation or not?"

"Well," I said, "I never set up as a great Italian scholar, but so far as I can tell it is substantially accurate. Why are you so excited about it?"

"Because," he answered, "you have for years been bullying me about Galileo and about his Dialogues being one of the greatest works of the human mind, and now that I have the book in English I don't want you to wriggle out by throwing the blame on the translators."

"Go ahead and relieve your mind," I said, "never mind the translators. Have you read the book through?"

"No, but enough of it to indict you for inducing me under false pretences to part with my hard-earned money and waste my time in addition. Look here! This book pretends to be a series of dialogues, but the speakers are mere puppets. There is as much dramatic interest in it as in a catechism on Euclid."

"Not quite," I said, "but for the peace of the family I grant it."

"Well then, as to the substance? Does it contain anything more than a prolix account of what one can more easily find in any high-school book on mechanics?"

"I might take you up," I rejoined, "and point to a number of things—for example, to the solution of the problem of the infinite, a problem which had stumped the mind of man for ages. But that is, after all, a secondary matter. The important thing is that in this book Galileo for the first time laid down the plan and foundation of the science of mechanics and the true method of modern physical science. Your high-school text-book on physics must have dulled and flattened your conception of what a marvelous creation of the human mind physical science is. But because a photograph of Matterhorn, Niagara or of the starry sky is not a great work of art, don't jump to the conclusion that there is no grandeur or sublimity in the object represented."

"What you say may be true," Sam retorted, "but I don't see any sublimity in this book. The fellow who invented rolling friction or the art of drawing fire from flint may have been a wonderful genius and a great benefactor of the human race. But I can't see any sublimity in the wheel of a wagon or in the old pieces of flint which they keep in the museum."

"The seeing of the sublime," I tried to explain, "does not depend on the object only. You must also be in the proper position and readiness. Your heart as well as your ear must be attuned to catch the music of the spheres. I can only suggest to you to reflect how for ages men were ruled intellectually as well as physically by authority. Like sheep men followed those who happened to be before them. Even the god-defying Promethean titans rushed about and lost themselves in vain because they could not find any sure path through the labyrinth of nature's perpetual changes. The Greeks helped to lift man to equality with the gods by discovering geometry, the first body of absolutely certain knowledge capable of infinite development; but almost two thousand years passed before Galileo discovered that nature may be so manipulated that mathematical laws may be applied to it. Thereby he not only increased our power over nature but gave us the gift of vision into the illimitable past and future, far beyond the brief space which marks the petty life of men."

"The trouble with you bookish chaps," Sam exclaimed impatiently, "is that you lack practical sense. What if Galileo *did* overthrow scholasticism and establish the method of modern science? That happened and was finished three hundred years ago. Why keep on reading and wondering about it forever? Why not wake up to some of the important things going on in the world right now? Are there not new things being produced to-day, and is it not likely that some of them are more wonderful—and more important to us—than this work of your wonderful Italian?"

"Most likely," I replied, "but you are mistaken, dear Sam, in thinking that scholasticism is dead, that Galileo's work is finished. Read the decisions of our highest courts and note how they dispose of the most urgent practical questions of the day by the regular scholastic method of formal definitions and reliance on the authority of men long dead who could not possibly have known about railroads or modern labor conditions. Note how often the daily papers dispose of questions by invoking the authority of men who could not possibly——"

But by this time Sam's patience was exhausted and with an "Oh, you're hopeless!" he deserted me, leaving me to reflect how futile and childish Galileo's concern with the laws of falling bodies must have appeared to the serious and devout persons of his day, who, like the pragmatists of to-day, were deeply concerned that philosophy should show immediate practical results.

MORRIS R. COHEN.

Subliminal Medicine

Body and Spirit, by Dr. John D. Quackenbos. New York: Harper and Bros. $1.50.

WHEN orthodox medicine at last somewhat grudgingly admitted psychotherapy to good standing within its ranks it also opened the door to the vast field of quackery which lies somewhere in between. A consciousness of this danger probably explains a great deal of the hesitancy, even if the results do not altogether justify it. A book like that of Dr. Quackenbos certainly confirms the original prejudice. Such an outpouring would hardly merit a review were it not for the fact that a book of this sort, necessarily cut off from serious consideration in the standard medical journals, is likely to circulate among the general public to the possible detriment not only of their physical but of their mental health.

Dr. Quackenbos's field is hypnotism and suggestion. Both these phenomena are now sufficiently understood and have received their naturalistic explanation in terms of what has long been familiar to us in everyday psychic processes. From any such naturalistic interpretation our author holds himself carefully aloof. He prefers a combination of mysticism, religion and magic in which the "subliminal self," needless to say, plays an important part. He far outdoes Professor Meyers in his conception of what this subliminal self, which he identifies with spirit in the trinity of body, soul and spirit, is capable of accomplishing. It apparently has no limits when called upon by Dr. Quackenbos in aid of an ill or erring soul, though

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we are carefully informed that it never violates the proprieties of the eternal immutable moral law. For a chapter and a half we climb the dizzy ascent of the subliminal in a mixture of grandeur and grammar which is not always altogether happy. Then we suddenly drop into the vernacular: suggestion, we are told, is a method of inspiring the patient "to act along superior lines." This is as refreshing as a touch of nature though, of course, it entirely begs the question of the limits of suggestive therapy. For it is now well established that nothing can be suggested to the patient that is not already in him, so that the efficacy of suggestion is strictly limited, to carry out our author's figure, by the number of superior lines of spiritual merchandise that the patient happens to carry. But the author is immune against this criticism since he begs the question a second time by assuming that "all human spirits are at their creation equally gifted." This happy method of ignoring heredity certainly gains in democratic appeal all that it loses in scientific corroboration.

One of the best ways of judging a psychotherapeutic system is to see what rôle the author assigns to himself in bringing about the cure. Dr. Quackenbos begins with an air of extreme humility; he is as nothing, he acts merely as the handmaiden of ineffable spiritual forces. But he sees himself also as their high priest and in the intoxication of this rôle Dr. Quackenbos soars to ultra subliminal heights. In a prophetic chapter on the future of suggestion a little thing like cancer is disposed of in a phrase and the germ theory is airily displaced by a psychic theory which "conditions and makes possible the fallacy of germ infection." Most of the insanities become mere child's play for Dr. Quackenbos and the ancient theory of pre-natal influence is revived in all its glory. Not only may a pregnant woman influence the race by mumbling certain incantations in the general direction of her abdomen but even after a birth a mother may creep up to the cradle in the dark and by thinking propulsive thoughts about Lincoln, Washington, Dewey or Billy Sunday, she may inspire her offspring to emulate these shining models. Dr. Quackenbos's whole book gradually turns into a testimonial to himself; it is based upon no less than "twelve thousand experiences in the author's practice" in many of which he could do more in an hour or two of suggestion than other psychotherapies were able to accomplish in months. In these days, when medicine has happily shaken off its ancient alliance with magic and superstition and ignorant faith healing, Dr. Quackenbos exhibits himself as a dangerous atavism.

A. B. K.

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NEW YORK

A Reverberation of War

A Soldier of Life, by Hugh de Selincourt. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

IT will not be strange if Mr. de Selincourt's book turns out to have been one of the most significant of all that come out of the war. It has nothing to say, it is true, about the technique of fighting, of social reconstruction, of the upheaval of men's lives and the bewilderment of their fortunes. It has nothing to do with the work of the "soldiers of death." Yet it is the quintessence of war literature. For it searches out the reverberations which the war has sent through the soul of a not very unordinary Englishman. It traces the delicate spiritual effects as no other book has yet succeeded in doing. This book is the work of a sorely puzzled yet hopeful mind, trying to think things through, without false consolations, to a firm floor of idealism. It has an almost aching sincerity of tone, a kindly relentlessness in probing the sorest spots of men's war-wounded minds. You have only to compare it with Mr. Britling to get the contrast of its fineness with Wells's blowsiness of spirit, that utterly pedestrian and easy way in which the re-discoverer of God dresses up again the rumpled soul of middle-class Britain and sets her decently on parade again. Wells buys his consolations too easily. Mr. de Selincourt has been made a sceptic by the war, ill content with God, the Invisible King. This book gives acutely his sense of a world that has become far too complex spiritually for the puny mind of man.

Specifically, A Soldier of Life is the story of the curious experiences which come to the narrator, one James Wood, after he has been sent back home from the front, disabled for life. The first mood is of gratitude for the wounds, in preference to that "disablement which the active fierce insistent cumulative force of boredom worked on his spirit." "You awoke," he says of service at the front, "from boredom to sights of hell—sordid filth and beastliness—and sank back into blacker deeps of boredom, mud for our minds blacker than the mud in which our bodies floundered. It was something more than the mere weight of shame at being a man at all; a shame that no one mentioned; a shame that stared out of many an eye." His restored home seems to him infinitely sweet. He has no desire other than to regain his conventionally superficial poise of life, to marry a nice, affectionate girl, named Amy, and write clever little stories for the magazines. Boredom and horror give way to sanity and peace.

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And then intervene the most surprising impedimenta between him and that sanity and peace. He finds himself being subjugated by strange new forces, represented by a ghostly young man and a lovely, earthly young woman, Corinna, who combine to save his "real self" from that smug and divided world of body and spirit into which he wishes to sink. His "quiet, clean, comfortable existence" is invaded by a blinding sense of the exquisiteness of his mother, of the ineffability of primroses. The ghostly young man appears and vanishes, beseeching yet cryptic. The "heady raptures" lead our hero in alarm, to his physician, to the vicar, to a Britishly sane college friend. The physician is enormously interested, the vicar quotes L. P. Jacks and speaks consolingly of the glory of the war to crush tyranny and end war, the friend combines a hard-headed realism with a belief in the legend of the angels at Mons. The struggle returns. The hero flirts a little with Amy, and the ghostly familiar appears incalculably to disconcert the sureness of his affection. Images of the war's madness break through his consciousness. He stupefies himself by saying at a recruiting meeting where he is acclaimed as hero: "If there is any one here who thinks that force will ever destroy force, it is his duty to enlist. I wish I thought that war was glorious; I wish I thought that war was holy; I do not. And I don't know how war's to be avoided except by not fighting." Conventionality turns this into modesty and reserve, and only Corinna understands and is thrilled by his "utter self speaking out, through the layers and layers of casual easy stuff that is everywhere on top."

He makes a desperate struggle for normality. But his self-satisfaction and unquestioningness has to be battered down. Corinna disturbs him with her talk of the real self which "comes to life and is at first a strange guest and unwelcome, and the habit self does all it can quietly to smother it." His grandfather's diary with its queer rough scepticism adds a new element of distraction. The terrific ironies of religion and war, fresh life and senseless slaughter, crash in on his brain. The horror of the conflict becomes too great. He faints and comes to himself in Corinna's arms. But he is not yet saved. She has still to teach him how to love without dividing flesh from spirit. And through her intuition he is saved to a keener life than he has ever known. He closes with the prayer: "Help me to kill in myself self-satisfaction, greed, sloth, indifference, fear and the other satellites of hatred and destruction which will keep me from the kingdom of man on this earth, which is the kingdom of love."

A Soldier of Life is a curious and beguiling book. It is full of mystical forces, and yet they are so warmly human that it does not seem mystical. Religion is demolished as a sham consolation. It is to personal values that the thrill is given. The book undoubtedly preaches, yet it does not seem didactic. The style is light and graceful, and the play of sex as honest as can be. The little scenes of wistful flirtation do not jar with the terrible spiritual conflicts into which they soon merge. The idealism has a peculiar sweetness, yet is never quite sentimental. The telling is a little tortuous, but so would be the threading of an honest mind through these desperate issues. There is many a passage that arrests you. The eloquent pages on war's boredom should be kept out of the hands of any young man about to enlist. The ironies on religion go straight through you like a swordblade. The book warms you to so much sympathy that you do not quite know whether it is a success or not. You feel its bravery but scarcely its strength. Yet it should be prophetic. Mr. de Selincourt, perhaps unconsciously, has done in the novel what Bertrand Russell is saying impersonally. There is the craving for new ideas, for the routing of war by a truer personal living, the destruction of the tyranny of the old life by a franker, joyous acceptance of love and beauty. This soldier of life suggests a modern emotional Descartes, who, having dissolved all the values of the old era of thinking, now takes his stand on the certitude of "I love: therefore I live, and life is good!"

RANDOLPH BOURNE.

Recent Publications

Further Foolishness, by Stephen Leacock. New York: John Lane Co. $1.25.

IT takes a genius to produce the particular kind of foolishness of which Professor Leacock is a master. Seeming to evoke pure nonsense out of peace, war, and politics, out of follies and contemporary foibles, he pierces keenly to the heart of the matter. Take Germany from Within Out, the narrative of the author's dream which followed a perusal of "that charming book, just written by Lady de Washaway, under the title Ten Years as a Toady, or The Per-Hapsburgs as I Didn't Know Them," or take The White House from Within Out, being extracts from the diary of a President. Or take, for instance, his Serge the Superman: A Russian Novel, translated, as he explains, "with a hand-pump out of the original Russian," the hero of which read Murray's *Calculus*. "It set his brain on fire. 'Can this be true?'" he asked: and continues thus, oh most simply, most seriously. Or consider his Snoopopaths or Fifty Stories in One, his commentary upon modern, or snoopopathic fiction. This word, he says, means just what it seems to mean. "Nine out of ten short stories written in America are snoopopathic." His illustration of the species is quite the most illuminating commentary on the stuff we read that has come under our eyes. Professor Leacock believes, justifiably, in the dignity of his humor. That is what gives it, behind all its apparent flippancy, truth and incisiveness. It is what renders it closely akin, at times, to pathos. Lightness of touch is frequently an indication of mastery; almost invariably it is an accompaniment. And with the author of Further Foolishness humor appears at its best, as an illuminating force in literature.

The Navy as a Fighting Machine, by Rear-Admiral Bradley A. Fiske, U. S. Navy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

ADMIRAL FISKE has been ambitious to write something which transcended a mere reference handbook. The whole bias of the first part of the book, Naval Policy, turns upon an assumed rather than analyzed philosophy of life. That this philosophy would be the conventional militaristic acceptance of an antiquated Darwinianism of the "survival of the fittest" order was to be expected. Admiral Fiske even offers us a militaristic interpretation of history, as foreshortened and capricious as all interpretations which see the long vista of years through the glasses of a single factor. Now to breathe the stale air of discredited biology would not greatly disturb the reader, if the general views of naval officers did not

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The American Legal Defense League

is composed of public-spirited citizens, including militarists and anti-militarists, who think it imperative that our American liberties of free speech, free press, and the right peaceably to assemble, be legally defended against encroachment wherever made by any public official. It is necessary in the first instance to defend and later to appeal to the higher courts in any part of the United States all cases where it is deemed that these fundamentals of liberty have been invaded.

¶ Already halls have been refused for public discussion, meetings have been broken up, speakers have been arrested and jailed, and censorship has been exercised, not to prevent the transmission of information to enemy countries but to prevent the free discussion by American citizens of our own problems and policies.

¶ We need co-operation and money.

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also react on their naval efficiency. It would be entertaining rather than annoying to keep the discussion of political theories in the amiable academic tone of disagreement, did not naval officers' political theories make considerable difference in the every-day naval fighting machine. Here, philosophy really counts.

For instance, it is all very well for Admiral Fiske to prove to his own satisfaction that we should have a navy equal to Great Britain's and to become ecstatic over pure Dreadnaught tonnage. But that is not our immediate naval problem nor has it, in the view of reasonable men, been our naval problem for the three years since the war. Admiral Fiske dislikes to think except in terms of capital ships and mobile, heavy-calibre "power." He certainly is not fair—in a naval sense purely—to the submarine. Instinctively he recoils from the new type of warfare it has introduced, the warfare of retaliation on trade.

But meanwhile what has this cluttering and dramatic capital ship thinking done for us in our present crisis? How do we stand in the matter of submarine chasers? How in that of submarines? How in the matter of an organized merchant marine, to-day so intimately related to the vital problem of naval efficiency, the maintenance of trade relations? Answers to these questions might prove embarrassing to the *Real-politiker* of the American naval circles. For if Admiral Fiske can teach the layman many things about the difficulties of naval organization and technique, he, too, can learn from the general theorizer and the statesman. There is no sharp dichotomy between naval policy and political policy. They are different aspects of the same world-wide governmental situation. Before the relevancy of any specific naval technique can be established the objects of fighting need to be defined and to be held flexibly in relation to the ever-mobile international condition. Naval officers seem often too preoccupied with an ideal war to be adequately prepared for any actual one.

Contributors
to this issue

H. G. WELLS is known to our readers.
H. N. BRAILSFORD is an English publicist, and an authority on international politics.
W. A. DUNNING is professor of history and political philosophy at Columbia University and author of Essays on the Civil War and the Reconstruction, History of Political Theories from Luther to Montesquieu, and other books.

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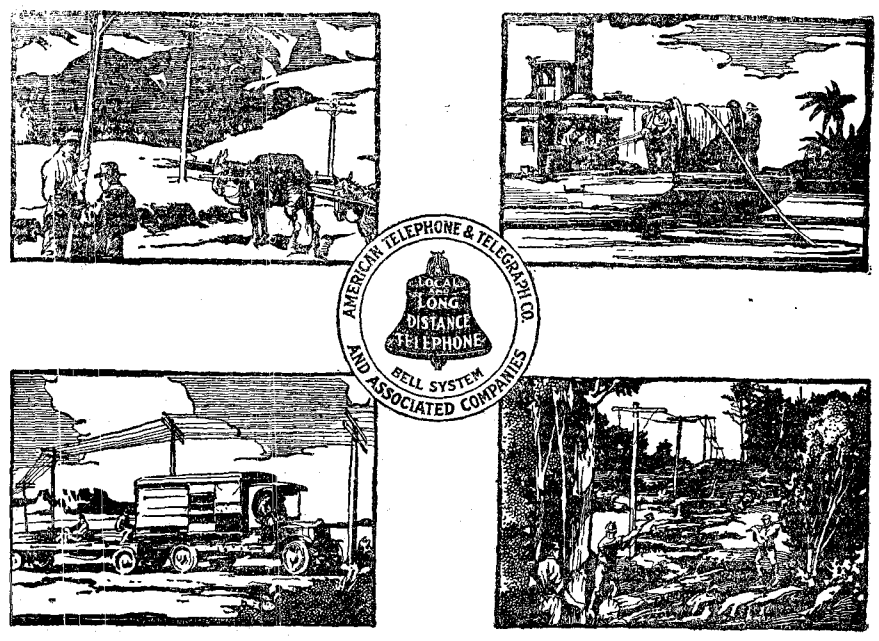

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